

SWIFT VOLUME IV.
With rumpie purle and winking head
Steals to her sleeping Gentle Bed.



BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

Printed for Jn^o Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London June 20 1778.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JONATH. SWIFT,
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

-----Two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the silver sound,
I saw the Graces form a circle round:
Each where she fix'd attentive seem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herself was mute.
From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy Labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the list'ning audience to admire-----
Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel-----

O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou can'st not wholly die; thy Works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine. PARNELL.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

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Two Chiefs, the guardians of the name,
Conspire to tell the tale of time,
To future Times, as they are found;
I saw the Graces, as they sound;
Each where the Muse is found to rove,
And all her Eloquence was move.
From out her breast the treasure lay,
She drew the lines of days;
Then gaily, and with ease she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire.
Then here, the great, the glorious age dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel.
O SWIFT! if time be true, we know
That birds and heroes have oft said in so;
Then can't it not wholly be thy Words will shine
To future times, and live in time to mine.



VOL. IV.
EDINBURG:
AT THE BUCHANAN'S, BY THE MARRIOTT.
1778.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
FROM 1689 TO 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name-----
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd-----

As for his Works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT.

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Perhaps I may appear
Not too much to be
And seem'd to have
Heard no one could
Yet neither more
The last of the
Vice, it is not
Must be or should
As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Not can I tell what critics thought of them;
But this I know, all people brought them
As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it to their blame.
The profits he has made he has the blame.
VERSES ON THE DEATH OF SWIFT.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Spence's, BY THE MARTIN.

1778.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

FROM 1689 to 1739, WITHOUT DATE.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please,
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute her chief delight,
With not one opinion right: 10
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows 15
Chiefly where she nothing knows,
And where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame,
When she knows she's most to blame. 20
Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles;
None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.

Ye who hate such inconsistency, 25
 To be easy keep your distance,
 Or in folly still befriend her,
 But have no concern to mend her,
 Lose not time to contradict her,
 Nor endeavour to convict her: 30
 Never take it in your thought
 That she'll own or cure a fault:
 Into contradiction warm her,
 Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
 Only take this rule along, 35
 Always to advise her wrong,
 And reprove her when she's right;
 She may then grow wise for spite.
 No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
 She has better learn'd her creed, 40
 She's too cunning and too skilful
 When to yield and when be wilful.
 Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
 One for truth and one for errors;
 That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful, 45
 This is flatt'ring and delightful;
 That she throws away as foul,
 Sits by this to dress her soul.
 Thus you have the case in view,
 Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you; 50
 Heav'n forbid he should despise thee,
 But will never more advise thee. 52

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUE fifty-two,
 A rich divine began to woo
 A handsome young imperious girl,
 Nearly related to an earl.
 Her parents and her friends consent;
 The couple to the temple went.
 They first invite the Cyprian Queen,
 'Twas answer'd She would not be seen:
 The Graces next, and all the Muses,
 Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
 Juno attended at the porch,
 With farthing candle for a torch,
 While Mrs. Iris held her train,
 The faded brow distilling rain;
 Then Hebe came, and took her place,
 But shew'd no more than half her face.
 Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
 In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
 The wedding-day, you take me right,
 I promise nothing for the night.
 The bridegroom dress'd, to make a figure,
 Assumes an artificial vigour;
 A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
 His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
 Like the faint red upon a pippin,
 Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus set out this happy pair,
 The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
 But, what I gladly would forget,
 The swain is old, the nymph coquette. 30
 Both from the goal together start,
 Scarce run a step before they part,
 No common ligament that binds
 The various textures of their minds;
 Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears, 35
 Less corresponding than their years.
 Her spouse desires his coffee sobn,
 She rises to her tea at noon.
 While he goes out to cheapeen books,
 She at the glass consults her looks; 40
 While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
 Lord! what a drefs these parsons wear!
 So odd a choice how could she make?
 Wish'd him a col'nel for her sake;
 Then on her fingers' ends she counts, 45
 Exact, to what his age amounts.
 "The Dean," she heard her uncle say,
 "Is sixty, if he be a day;
 "His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
 "You see the crow's feet round his eyes." 50
 At one she rambles to the shops
 To cheapeen tea and talk with fops;
 Or calls a council of her maids,
 And tradesmen, to compare brocades.

Her weighty morning bus'ness o'er, 55
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her ev'ning work so fills her head.

The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukish, and his stomach gone; 60

In threadbare gown would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;

Beholds her from the chaplain's place

In French brocades and Flanders lace;

He wonders what employs her brain, 65

But never asks, or asks in vain;

His mind is full of other cares,

And, in the sneaking parson's airs,

Computes that half a parish dues

Will hardly find his wife in shoes. 70

Can'st thou imagine, dull Divine!

'Twill gain her love to make her fine?

Hath she no other wants beside?

You raise desire as well as pride,

Enticing coxcombs to adore, 75

And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she'll condescend

To place him at the hinder end,

Her hoop is hoist above his nose,

His odious gown would soil her clothes, 80

And drops him at the church, to pray,

While she drives on to see the play.

He, like an orderly divine,
 Comes home a quarter after nine,
 And meets her hasting to the ball;
 Her chairmen push him from the wall.
 He enters in, and walks up stairs,
 And calls the family to pray'rs;
 Then goes alone to take his rest
 In bed, where he can spare her best.
 At five the footmen make a din,
 Her Ladyship is just come in;
 The masquerade began at two,
 She stole away with much ado,
 And shall be chid this afternoon
 For leaving company so soon :
 She'll say, and she may truly say't,
 She can't abide to stay out late.
 But now, tho' scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
 Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd :
 The cause, alas! is quickly quest,
 The Town has whisper'd round the jest.
 Think on some remedy in time,
 You find his Rev'rence past his prime,
 Already dwindled to a lath;
 No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
 Infus'd a strong prolific notion,
 That mixt with Achelaus' spring,
 The horned flood, as poets sing,

Who with an English beauty smitten,
 Ran under ground from Greece to Britain,
 The genial virtue with him brought,
 And gave the nymph a plenteous draught,
 Then fled, and left his horn behind, **115**
 For husbands past their youth to find ;
 The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
 Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
 Where childless wives crowd ev'ry morn
 To drink in Achelaus' horn : **120**
 And here the father often gains
 That title by another's pains.

Hither, tho' much against the grain,
 The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
 He, for a while, would not consent, **125**
 But vow'd his money all was spent.
 His money spent! a clownish reason ;
 And must my Lady slip her season ?
 The Doctor, with a double fee,
 Was brib'd to make the Dean agree. **130**

Here all diversions of the place
 Are proper in my Lady's case,
 With which she patiently complies,
 Merely because her friends advise ;
 His money and her time employs **135**
 In music, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
 Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
 Since others oft' have found one there ;

Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
 It shames his cassock and his years: 140
 He keeps his distance in the gallery,
 Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
 For 't'wou'd his character expose
 To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So I have seen, within a pen, 145
 Young ducklings foster'd by a hen,
 But when let out they run and muddle,
 As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
 The sober hen, not born to swim,
 With mournful note clucks round the brim. 150

The Dean with all his best endeavour,
 Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
 A victim to the last essays
 Of vigour in declining days,
 He dies, and leaves his mourning mate 155
 (What could he less?) his whole estate.

The widow goes thro' all her forms;
 New lovers now will come in swarms.
 Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
 Her favours to some broken ensign! 160
 Him let her marry for his face,
 And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
 To turn her naked out of doors,
 And spend her jointure on his whores;
 But, for a parting present, leave her
 A rooted pox to last for ever. 166

THE BROKEN MUG.

A TALE.

How shall I now the Nine invoke;
 Since all my comfort's crack'd and broke?
 Then let my sorrows have some vent,
 Proportion'd to my discontent.
 In all affairs of human life;
 So intermix'd with joy and strife,
 My Mug still sweeten'd all my care,
 My sorrows still were drowned there:
 This with an honest jolly friend
 To anxious thoughts could put an end,
 Which still clos'd up the toils of day,
 And made the minutes glide away;
 But now I have no Mug to drink,
 Nor scarce the pow'r to write or think.

Assist, ye Nymphs! with wit and skill;
 A native of Parnassus' Hill,
 Who now implores the sacred Nine
 To raise his thoughts in ev'ry line.
 Your property is not to stint,
 Or give a Mug with nothing in't.
 Since Bards are subject to be dry,
 We beg, before our skill we try,
 A draught of the Castalian spring,
 To clear our pipes before we sing.

This Mug, which I lament in tears,
 Hath serv'd me well for many years.
 That useful piece of furniture
 Is broke and shatter'd past all cure;
 Nor can it ere be hoop'd with tin,
 As other broken Mugs have been,
 Whose ruptures, cur'd by tinker's trufs,
 Are still of special use to us.
 But now, alas! 'tis all in vain
 To join thy particles again.
 What cost would I on thee bestow
 To have thee now *in statu quo*?
 Thou, Mug! the subject of my song,
 Should'st not lie still, nor empty long;
 In silver hoops thou should'st appear,
 Well tipp'd, and frothing full of beer,
 Whose fragrant bubbles gently fall,
 Till by degrees contracted small,
 They on thy centre form a rose
 So grateful to our eyes and nose,
 Whose mantling juice does far outshine
 The sparkling of the choicest wine.

It was a family old Mug,
 At which our friends did often tug;
 'Twas bought when I was but a youth,
 And Granny says, upon her truth,
 A finer Mug was never bought,
 Altho' it cost her but a groat.

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The potter surely play'd his part;
 For 'twas a masterpiece of art :
 He form'd it of well-temper'd stuff, 33
 To make it durable and tough :
 The concave and the convex white
 Appear'd most pleasing to the sight :
 'Twould puzzle Euclid or Descart
 To take dimensions of each part. 60
 The base whereon it stood was round,
 The rest with various shapes abound ;
 Not truly spherical nor conic,
 Cylindrical nor parabolic ;
 All from the bottom to the ear 63
 Was like the *frustum* of a sphere ;
 The rest much like that of a cone,
 To which was fix'd one ear alone ;
 Tho' one should think another lug
 Might well become so large a Mug. 70
 But be it known unto you, Sirs,
 Some modern wise geometers
 Thought it a surer way and quicker,
 To fill the Mug with humming liquor,
 Then handing it from north to south, 73
 They took the gauge by word of mouth ;
 For when it went full nine times round,
 By long experience they found
 It held two quarts by estimation,
 And some few tenths by calculation. 80

Then to complete what they begun
 They inch'd it like a brewer's tun,
 And in a minute would desery
 Their sev'ral inches wet or dry.
 They estimated near enough 85
 A conic or cylindric hoof;
 Whene'er the Mug was on a stoop,
 They told the ullage to a sup.

It serv'd a double 'prenticeship,
 And never got a crack or slip, 90
 Until by chance the other day,
 (To shew the frailty of our clay)
 It got a most unlucky fall,
 Which may be warning to us all;
 For let us live to Nestor's age, 95
 We must at last go off the stage.
 'Twas made in Anna's glorious reign,
 And always kept both sweet and clean;
 Her health was often drank thereout,
 In March or in October-stout. 100
 It went about just with the sun,
 And in a circle still did run.
 'Twould drain a cellar ere so deep,
 And from an inundation keep
 That quarter of the town, you know, 105
 Where high spring-tides do overflow;
 For in a day it would exhale
 The Lord knows how much beer or ale.

Nor could it lose its virtue quite;
 Till it was nine or ten at night;
 It was a planet without doubt,
 For day and night it went about,
 And had its periodic times
 As regular as Christ-church chimes.
 Then by nocturnal observation,
 We found its virtue and pulsation;
 (When like the sea it ebb'd and flow'd)
 Its various operations show'd,
 And diff'rent influence on men,
 About the hours of eight and ten.

'Twas on a day, some friends and I
 Were seated on Parnassus high.
 My friends began to hem and cough,
 With voices hoarse and very rough,
 By long debating *pro* and *con*,
 Whether the earth mov'd or the sun?
 Who writ the best philosophy
 Copernicus or Ptolomy?
 Whether they were not both outdone
 By Newton's Principles alone?
 Tho' now the mode, 'tis not my way
 To entertain my friends with tea.
 We bards don't love our drink too new,
 Nor can we spare the time to brew:
 We use no tea nor coffee here,
 They're both insipid, and too dear;

They never can clear up the brain;
 Or put us in a merry vein:
 To some they give ill-natur'd fits;
 While base detractors pass for wits;
 From whose vile censure who is free?
 All suffer by their rash decree.
 I guess'd my brother bards were dry;
 Then begg'd a nymph who lives hard by
 To haste to Helicon in haste
 And bring the Mug full of the best.
 In haste as she tripp'd down the stairs
 With graceful air, but unawares,
 Precipitating on her hoop,
 As she ran downwards made her stop;
 Down fell the nymph, the Mug, and all,
 The loss was great, and great the fall:
 The nymph return'd with nimble foot,
 But got her finger sorely cut.
 The tidings told with panting breath,
 How she escap'd a sudden death,
 The shatter'd limbs:—Oh dire mishap!
 She brought up gather'd in her lap,
 With fractures of the Mug so small,
 No art could ere cement them all.

Thou best of Mugs! adieu, adieu!
 Since I am doom'd to follow you;
 I am but clay, and so wert thou:
 When I go off, or where, or how,

I cannot tell; but still must strive
 To keep this microcosm alive;
 To wet my clay as it grows dry,
 Lest it should into atoms fly.

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER

OF THE INTELLIGENCE,

As a thorn-bush or oaken-bough,
 Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
 Above the door, at country-fair,
 Betokens entertainment there;
 So bays on poets' brows have been
 Set for a sign of wit within;
 And as ill neighbours in the night
 Pull down an alehouse-bush for spite,
 The laurel so, by poets worn,
 Is by the teeth of Envy torn;
 Envy, a canker-worm, which tears
 Those sacred leaves that lightning spares.
 And now t' exemplify this moral,
 Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel,
 (Which measur'd on his head, was found
 Not long enough to reach half round,
 But like a girl's cockade, was ty'd
 A trophy on his temple-side)
 Paddy repin'd to see him wear
 This badge of honour in his hair,
 And thinking this cockade of wit
 Would his own temples better fit,

Forming his Muse by Medley's model,
 Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
 Pelts him by turns with verse and prose, 29
 Hums like a hornet at his nose,
 At length presumes to vent his satire on
 The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron.
 The Eagle in the tale, ye know,
 Teaz'd by a buzzing Wasp below, 30
 Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
 Securely in the Thund'rer's breast:
 In vain: even there, to spoil his nod,
 The spiteful insect stung the god. 34

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
 As rational, the human-kind;
 Reason, they say, belongs to man,
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wise Aristotle and Smiglelius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum,
 But for my soul I cannot credit 'em, 10
 And must, in spite of them, maintain
 That man and all his ways are vain,
 And that this boasted lord of Nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature;

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That instinct is a sure guide,
 Than reason-boasting mortals' pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute?
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind;
 They eat their meals and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court:
 They never to the levee go
 To treat as dearest friend a foe;
 They never importune his Grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
 Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
 To folks at Pater-noster-row:
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
 No pickpockets or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupeds;
 No single brute his fellows leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
 Of beasts it is confess'd the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape;

Like man he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion;
 But both in malice and grimaces 45
 A courtier any ape surpasses:
 Behold him humbly cringing wait
 Upon the minister of state;
 View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors: 50
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care:
 He in his turn finds imitators;
 At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters, 55
 Their masters' manners still contract,
 And footmen lords and dukes can act.
 Thus at the court both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all. 58

ODE ON SCIENCE.

I.
 Oh! heav'nly born! in deepest dells
 If fairest Science ever dwells
 Beneath the mossy cave,
 Indulge the verdure of the woods,
 With azure beauty gild the floods, 5
 And flow'ry carpets lave;

II.
 For melancholy ever reigns
 Delighted in the sylvan scenes

With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
Tho' rapt from mortal sight.

III.

Yet, Goddess! yet the way explore,
With magic rites and Heathen lore
Obstructed and depress'd,
'Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,
By reason's power redress'd.

IV.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad Opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty! the cause
That blends congenial rays.

V.

Bid bright Astrea gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
In vain the lunar sphere.

VI.

Come, fairest Princess of the throng!
Bring sweet Philosophy along

Like man he imitates each fashion;
 And malice is his ruling passion;
 But both in malice and grimaces 45
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VI.

Come, fairest Princess of the throng!
Bring sweet Philosophy along

In metaphysic dreams ;
 While raptur'd bards no more behold
 A vernal age of purer gold 35
 In Heliconian streams.

VII.

Drive Thralldom, with malignant hand,
 To curse some other destin'd land
 By Folly led astray :
 Ierne bear on azure wing ;
 Energic let her soar and sing 40
 Thy universal sway.

VIII.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
 To more majestic sound aspire,
 Behold the madding throng, 45
 In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
 To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
 And petrifying song. 48

THE PUPPETSHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
 And turn it all to ridicule,
 Wit did a Puppetshow invent,
 Where the chief actor is a fool.

II.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
 And worship was to Puppets paid ;

In antic dress the idol stodd,
And priests and people bow'd the head.

III. Where various images are

No wonder then if art began

The simple votaries to frame,

To shape in timber foolish man,

And consecrate the block to fame.

IV. False pomp conceals more

From hence poetic fancy learn'd

That trees might rise from human forms,

The body to a trunk be turn'd,

And branches issue from the arms.

V. And timber as a lord

Thus Dædalus, and Ovid too,

That man's a blockhead have confess'd;

Powel and Stretch* the hint pursue :

Life is a farce, the world a jest!

VI. And made to be unknown

The same great truth South-Sea hath prov'd

On that fam'd theatre the Alley,

Where thousands, by Directors mov'd,

Are now sad monuments of folly.

VII. Unhappy a jolly fellow

What Momus was of old to Jove;

The same a Harlequin is now;

The former was buffoon above,

The latter is a Punch below.

* Two puppet-show men.

VIII.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear : 30
In diff'rent parts of youth and age,
Alike the prince and peasant share.

IX.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators rang'd in state 35
Are oft' but wisdom in machine.

X.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face. 40

XI.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own. 45

XII.

Too oft', alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne,
And many drink the cup of life
Mix'd and imbitter'd by a Joan. 50

XIII.

In short, whatever men pursue
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love, 50

This mimic race brings all to view;
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

XIV.

Go on; great Stretch! with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a Puppet's pride.

XV.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown;
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

XVI.

Tell Tom he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in Nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

XVII.

To make men act as senseless wood, 65
And chatter in a mystic strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shews some error in the brain.

XVIII.

He that would thus refine on thee, 70
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confess the greater fool. 72

ON PSYCHE*.

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
 Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
 So loit'ring, so active, so busy, so idle,
 Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
 Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
 Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm
 place. 6
 She gives you such plenty it puts you in pain,
 But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
 To please you she knows how to chuse a nice bit,
 For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit. 10
 To oblige a good friend she will trace ev'ry market,
 It would do your heart good to see how she'll cark it:
 Yet beware of her arts, for it plainly appears
 She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears. 14

T O

MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,

UPON PRAISING HER HUSBAND TO DR. SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse,
 But this neither reason nor conscience allows;
 Perhaps you will say 'tis in gratitude due, 3
 And you adore him because he adores you.

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, wife to Mr. John Sican, an eminent grocer in Dublin.

Your argument's weak, and so you will find,
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

ON THE COLLAR OF

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAPDOG.

PRAY steal me not, I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this fourfooted thing lies.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER*.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and the cow-
dung;

We lye cramming ourselves, and are ready to burst,
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

Pudet hac opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

Tho' Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadley of Bangor.

I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, four:

But because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.

You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, ere t'other gets up demands the rising blow:

* All the humour of this poem is lost, by the impossibility of printing it left-handed, as it was wrote.

Volume IV.

C

Yet I know a young rogue that, thrown flat on the field,
 Would, as he lay under, cry out, "Sirrah, yield." 16
 So the French, when our generals soundly did pay 'em,
 Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te Deum*:
 So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite run a-ground,
 Comes off by outlaughing the company round. 20
 In ev'ry vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
 Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
 My offers of peace you ill understood;
 Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own good?
 'Twas to teach you in moderate language your duty,
 For were you a dog I could not be rude t'ye. 26
 As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends,
 To a quarrelsome fellow cries, "Let us be friends."
 But we like Antæus and Hercules fight,
 The oft'ner you fall, the oft'ner you write; 30
 And I'll use you as he did that over-grown clown,
 I'll first take you up, and then take you down:
 And 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
 The worst dunce in your school till he's heav'd from
 the ground. 34

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in
 great haste, and the other hand was employed at
 the same time in writing some letters of business.

September 20. 1718.

I will send you the rest when I have leisure, but pray
 come to dinner with the company you met here last.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abused in many different libels.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And Fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;
And Calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done? Shall Wit and Learning chuse
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose,
By Censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by Heav'n bestow'd,
Or fearless enter in thro' Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

Cij

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY*.

ABOUT three months ago, at Windsor, a Poor Knight's widow was buried in the cloysters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length, and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case, which case was tied at the top, and sealed with a St. George, the impression on black wax very rude and Gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it, but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the ingenious Dr. W——, F. R. S. where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it. The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hob-

* It is well known that Queen Anne had nominated Dr. Swift to an English bishopric, which was opposed by Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, and the Duchess of Somerset, who had prevailed on his Grace to go with her to the Queen to lay aside the nomination, which her Majesty refused; but the Duchess falling on her knees, and shewing the following Prophecy to her Majesty, the bishopric was given to another. See the Poem, The Author on himself.

bling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all, of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present.

WHEN a holy black Swede*, the son of Bob,
With a saint at his chin and a seal at his sob,
Shall not see one new-year's-day in that year †,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windfor and Bristow then shall be 5
Joined together in the Low-Countree.
Then shall the tall black Deventry bird ‡
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit. 10
But spight of the Harpy || that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more:
But England must cry Alack and well-a-day!
If the stick be taken from the Dead Sea.

* Dr. Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, was one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Peace of Utrecht.

† There was eleven days' difference between the old and new style, the latter received at Utrecht before this bishop went thither, but which did not take place in Great Britain and Ireland until Sept. 2. 1752, when eleven days were omitted, and the next day was called Sept. 14. The Bishop, therefore, set out from England before Jan. 1. O. S.

‡ Earl of Nottingham.

|| Duke of Marlborough.

And dear England, if aught I understand,
 Beware of carrots from Northumberland.
 Carrots sown Thynne † a deep root may get,
 If so be they are in Sommer set :
 Their Conyngs † mark thou, for I have been told
 They assassine when young, and poison when old.
 Root out these carrots, O thou whose name
 Is backwards and forwards always the same || !
 And keep close to thee always that name
 Which back wards and forwards † is almost the same.
 And, England, wouldst thou be happy still,
 Bury those carrots under a Hill ++ .

26

* Lady Elizabeth Percy, sole daughter and heir of Joceline Percy, Earl of Northumberland, was married to Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

† Thomas Thynne, Esq., a gentleman of very great estate, who was courting the above lady, after the death of her first husband Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, only son to Henry Duke of Newcastle, who died before he was of age to cohabit with her, being set upon in the Hay-market, London, was murdered by Count Coningsmark, a Polish nobleman (who paid his addresses to this lady, but was refused) and two ruffians, who shot Mr. Thynne in his coach. The Count made his escape, but the others were hanged. There is a monument in Westminster-Abbey erected to the memory of Mr. Thynne, upon an entablature of which this transaction of his murder is represented.

‡ Count Coningsmark.

|| Anna Regina.

† Lady Mafham.

++ Lady Mafham's maiden name was Hill.

TO THE REV. MR. DAN JACKSON.

To be humbly presented by Mr. Sheridan in person, with respect, care, and speed.

To be delivered by and with Mr. Sheridan.

DEAR DAN! I
HERE I return my trust, nor ask
One penny for remittance;
If I have well perform'd my task
Pray send me an acquittance;

Too long I bore this weighty pack,
As Hercules the sky;
Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
Let me be stander-by,

Not all the witty things you speak
In compass of a day,
Not half the puns you make a-week,
Should bribe his longer stay.

With me you left him out at nurse
Yet are you not my debtor,
For as he hardly can be worse,
I ne'er could make him better.

He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
Just as he did before,

And when he's lash'd a hundred times,
He rhymes and puns the more. 20

VI.

When rods are laid on schoolboys' bums,
The more they frisk and skip,
The schoolboys' top but louder hums,
The more they use the whip.

VII.

Thus a lean beast beneath a load of straw 25
(A beast of Irish breed)
Will, in a tedious dirty road,
Outgo the prancing steed.

VIII.

You knock him down, and down in vain, 30
And lay him flat before ye;
For soon as he gets up again
He'll strut, and cry *Victoria!*

IX.

At ev'ry stroke of mine he felt;
'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd;
But his impenetrable shell 35
Could feel no harm beside.

X.

The tortoise thus, with motion slow, 40
Will clamber up a wall,
Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
Gets nothing but a fall.

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LYNDS
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XI.
 Dear Dan! then, why should you or I
 Attack his perierany?
 And since it is in vain to try,
 We'll send him to Delany. 44

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his horse
 awry,

Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his forcery;
 But I think, little Dan, that in spite of what our foe says,
 He will find I read Ovid and his Metamorphoses:

For omitting the first (where I make a comparison,
 With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison) 50

Yet by my description you'll find he in short is
 A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise:
 So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask, can

I maul
 This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent, animal?

And if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
 (For I pity the man) I should then be glad of it. 56

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO PAULUS,

Some Verses written by Mr. Lyndsay.

LYNDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
 And honest Paulus judges right:
 Then why these quarrels to the sun,
 Without whose aid you're all undone?

Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat? 5
 Did Paulus e'er the sun forget,
 The influence of whose golden beams
 Soon licks up all unsav'ry steams?
 The sun, you say, his face hath kist:
 It has; but then it greas'd his fist. 10
 True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
 Have always been Apollo's friends;
 Not for his superficial powers
 Of ripening fruits or gilding flowers,
 Nor for inspiring poets' brains, 15
 With penuryless and starv'ling strains;
 Not for his boasted healing art;
 Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
 Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
 Not for his prophecies in riddles; 20
 But for a more substantial cause;
 Apollo's patron of the laws,
 Whom Paulus ever must adore,
 As parent of the golden ore.
 By Phœbus an incestuous birth, 25
 Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
 By Phœbus first produc'd to light,
 By Vulcan form'd so round and bright,
 Then offer'd at the shrine of Justice,
 By clients to her priests and trustees; 30
 Nor, when we see Astræa stand
 With even balance in her hand,

Must we suppose she hath in view
 How to give every man his due;
 Her scales you see her only hold,
 To weigh her priests', the lawyers' gold.
 Now should I own your case was grievous,
 Poor sweaty Paulus ! who'd believe us ?
 'Tis very true, and none denies,
 At least, that such complaints are wise.

'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat ye more,
 To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur* ?

But since the truth must needs be stretched,
 To prove that lawyers are so wretched,
 This paradox I'll undertake
 For Paulus and for Lyndsay's sake.
 By topics which, tho' I abomine 'em,
 May serve as arguments *ad hominem*,
 Yet I disdain to offer those
 Made use of by detracting foes :

I own the curses of mankind
 Sit light upon a lawyer's mind ;
 The clamours of ten thousand tongues
 Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.

I own his conscience always free,
 Provided he has got his fee,
 Secure of constant peace within,
 He knows no guilt who knows no sin.
 Yet well they merit to be pitied,
 By clients always over-witted :

And tho' the Gospel seems to say
 What heavy burthens lawyers lay
 Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
 Nor lend a finger to the labour,
 Always for saving their own bacon, 65
 No doubt the text is here mistaken:
 The copy's false, and sense is rackt;
 To prove it I appeal to fact,
 And thus by demonstration show
 What burthens lawyers undergo. 70
 With early clients at his door,
 Tho' he was drunk the night before,
 And crop-sick with unclubb'd for wine,
 The wretch must be at court by nine,
 Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag, 75
 As ridden by a midnight hag;
 Then from the bar harangues the bench,
 In English vile and viler French,
 And Latin, vilest of the three,
 And all for poor ten moidores' fee. 80
 Of paper how is he profuse!
 With periods long, in terms abstruse,
 What pains he takes to be prolix!
 A thousand lines to stand for six;
 Of common sense without a word in, 85
 And is not this a grievous burden?
 The lawyer is a common drudge,
 To fight our cause before the judge;

And, what is yet a greater curse,
 Condemn'd to bear his client's purse, 90
 While he, at ease, secure and light,
 Walks boldly home at dead of night :
 When term is ended leaves the town,
 Trots to his country-mansion down,
 And, disencumber'd of his load, 95
 No danger dreads upon the road ;
 Despiseth rapparees, and rides
 Safe thro' the Newry mountains' sides.
 Lyndsay ! 'tis you have set me on,
 To state this question *pro* and *con*. 100
 My satire may offend, 'tis true ;
 However, it concerns not you.

I own there may in ev'ry clan,
 Perhaps, be found one honest man,
 Yet, link them close, in this they jump, 105
 To be but sharpeners in the lump.
 Imagine Lyndsay at the bar,
 He's much the same his brethren are ;
 Well taught by practice to imbibe
 The fundamentals of his tribe, 110
 And in his client's just defence
 Must deviate oft' from common sense,
 And make his ignorance discern'd,
 To get the name of council learn'd,
 (As *lucus* comes a *non lucendo*) 115
 And wisely do as other men do ;

But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain,
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit, 120
You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.
'Tis hard where dulness over-rules
To keep good sense in crowds of fools;
And we admire the man who saves 125
His honesty in crowds of knaves,
Nor yields up virtue at discretion
To villains of his own profession.
Lyndsay! you know what pains you take
In both, yet barely save your stake; 130
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters?
For as the rabble daub and rise 135
The fool who scrambles for a trifle,
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn thro' the dirt, his pockets pick'd,
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place; 140
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your num'rous virtues foully stain'd;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense,

And join in friendship with a strict tye,
To —, —, and —. 146

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

MAKE Rundle bishop! fy for shame!

AN Arian to usurp the name!

A bishop in the Isle of Saints!

How will his brethren make complaints!

Dare any of the mitred host

Confer on him the Holy Ghost?

In mother-church to breed a variance,

By coupling Orthodox with Arians?

Yet were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,

What is there in it strange or new? 150

For let us hear the weak pretence

His brethren find to take offence,

Of whom there are but four at most

Who know there is an Holy Ghost;

The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it, 155

Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it,

And when they gave it, well'tis known

They gave what never was their own,

Rundle a bishop! well he may;

He's still a Christian more than they. 160

We know the subject of their quarrels;

The man has learning, sense, and morals!

There is a reason still more weighty;
 'Tis granted he believes a Deity; —
 Has ev'ry circumstance to please us, 25
 Tho' fools may doubt his faith in J—.
 But why should he with that be loaded,
 Now twenty years from court exploded?
 And is not this objection odd
 From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God? 30
 For liberty a champion stout,
 Tho' not so gospel-ward devout;
 While others, hither sent to save us,
 Came but to plunder and enslave us;
 Nor ever own'd a pow'r divine, 35
 But Mammon and the German line.
 Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
 Who shew'd a better *ius divinum*?
 From ancient canons would not vary,
 But thrice refus'd Episcopari 40
 Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
 Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
 Or sell his children, house, and lands,
 For that one gift to lay on hands;
 But all his gold could not avail 45
 To have the Spirit set to sale.
 Said furly Peter, "Magus, prithee
 Be gone; thy money perish with thee."
 Were Peter now alive, perhaps
 He might have found a score of chaps, 50

Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a-year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handywork of God,
Tho' ev'n the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's appointed;
And well we know the congee regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree
That bishoprics are held in fee.

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse!
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For had you made the k— your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

BIRTHDAY VERSES ON MR. FORD.

Come, be content, since out it must,
For Stella has betray'd her trust;
And, whisp'ring, charg'd me not to say
That Mr. Ford was born to-day;
Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
According to my usual habit,
She bid me, with a serious face,
Be sure conceal the time and place;

And not my compliment to spoil
 By calling this your native soil;
 Or vex the ladies, when they know
 That you are turning forty-two;
 But if these topics shall appear
 Strong arguments to keep you here,
 I think, tho' you judge hardly of it,
 Good manners must give place to profit.

The nymphs, with whom you first began,
 Are each become a harridan;
 And Montague so far decay'd,
 Her lovers now must all be paid,
 And ev'ry belle that since was
 Has her cotemporary beauty
 Your former comrades, once so bright,
 With whom you tosted half the night,
 Of rheumatism and pox complain, 25
 And bid adieu to dear champaign;
 Your great protectors, once in pow'r,
 Are now in exile or the Tow'r.
 Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
 Who hate your person and your cause, 30
 If once they get you on the spot,
 You must be guilty of the plot;
 For true or false they'll ne'er inquire,
 But use you ten times worse than Prior *.

* Matt. Prior, Esq. with whom the Dean was intimately connected.

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In London, what would you do there?
 Can you, my friend, with patience bear;
 Nay, would it not your passion raise
 Worse than a pun or Irish phrase,
 To see a scoundrel strut and hector
 A footboy to some rogue Director?
 To look on vice triumphant round,
 And virtue trampled on the ground?
 Observe where bloody ——— stands,
 With tort'ring engines in his hands;
 Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
 Threat'ning the pillory and jail.
 If this you think a pleasing scene,
 To London straight return again,
 Where, you have told us from experience,
 Are swarms of bugs and Presbyterians.
 I thought my very spleen would burst,
 When Fortune hither drove me first;
 Was full as hard to please as you,
 Nor persons, names, nor places, knew:
 But now I act as other to'ke,
 Like pris'ners when their jail is broke.

If you have London still at heart,
 We'll make a small one here by art;
 The diff'rence is not much between
 St. James's-Park, and Stephen's-Green;
 And Dawson-street will serve as well
 To lead you thither as Pall-Mall;

Nor want a passage thro' the palace,
 To choke your sight and raise your malice.
 The Deanery-house may well be match'd,
 Under correction, with the Thatch'd*;
 Nor shall I, when you hither come,
 Demand a crown a quart for flum.
 Then, for a middle-aged chamber,
 Stella may vie with your main charmer,
 She's now as handsome every bit,
 And has a thousand times her wit.
 The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
 Will half supply a Gay and Pope;
 Corbet†, tho' yet I know his worth not,
 No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot;
 I throw into the bargain Tim;
 In London can you equal him?
 What think you of my fav'rite clan,
 Robin and Jack‡, and Jack and Dan?
 Fellows of modest worth and parts,
 With cheerful looks and honest hearts.
 Can you on Dublin look with scorn?
 Yet here were you and Ormond || born.

* A famous tavern in St. James's Street, near the palace.
 † Dr. Corbet, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral,
 Dublin, on the death of Dr. Maturine, who succeeded Dr.
 Swift.

‡ Rev. Robert and John Grattan, brothers; John and Da-
 niel Jackson.

|| James Butler, the late Duke of Ormond.

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Oh! were but you and I so wise 85
 To see with Robert Grattan's eyes
 Robin adores that spot of earth,
 That lit'ral spot, which gave him birth,
 And swears Belcamp * is, to his taste,
 As fine as Hampton-Court at least. 90
 When to your friends you, would enhance
 The praise of Italy or France,
 For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
 We gladly hear you, and submit :

But then, to come and keep a clutter 95
 For this or that side of a gutter,
 To live in this or t'other stile,
 We cannot think it worth your while;
 For, take it kindly or amiss;
 The diff'rence but amounts to this: 100
 We bury on our side the Channel
 In linen †, and on your's slip flannel:
 You for the news are ne'er to seek,
 While we, perhaps, may wait a week: 105
 You happy folks are sure to meet
 An hundred whores in ev'ry street,
 While we may trace all Dublin o'er
 Before we find out half a score.
 You see my arguments are strong,
 I wonder you held out so long: 110

* In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.
 † In the year 1733, there was an act of parliament made
 in Ireland to bury in woollen.

But since you are convinc'd at last,
We'll pardon you for what is past.
So let us now for whiff prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

A PETITION TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

BY DEAN SMEDLEY.

Non domus aut fundus

It was, my Lord, the dext'rous thift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift,
But now St. Patrick's saucy Dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,
Of Oxford or of Ormond's Grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.
A place he got, yclep'd a Stall,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he less a witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.
Thus I, the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your Grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse devoid of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;

* Chaplain
of Ireland

Rejoicing that, in better times,
 Grafton * requires my loyal lines;
 Proud that at once I can commend
 King George's and the Muse's friend,
 Endear'd to Britain and to thee,
 Disjoin'd Hibernia, by the sea;
 Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
 Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
 By love, by wisdom, and by skill,
 For he has fav'd thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall Smedley make his nest,
 And lay his wand'ring head to rest?
 Where shall he find a decent house
 To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
 Oh, lack! my Lord, some pretty cure,
 In wholesome soil and ether pure,
 The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
 In either angle shady bowers;
 No gay parterre, with costly green,
 Within the ambient hedge be seen;
 Let Nature freely take her course,
 Nor fear from one ungrateful force;
 No shears shall check her sprouting vigour,
 Nor shape the yews to antic figure;
 A limpid brook shall trouts supply,
 In May to take the mimic fly;

* Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, then Lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

Round a small orchard may it run,
 Whose apples redden to the sun;
 Let all be snug, and warm, and neat;
 For fifty turn'd a safe retreat;
 A little Euston may it be,
 Euston I'll carve on ev'ry tree;
 But then, to keep it in repair,
 My Lord—twice fifty pounds a-year
 Will barely do; but if your Grace
 Could make them hundreds—charming place!
 Thou then wouldst shew another face.

Clogher! far north, my Lord, it lies,
 Midst snowy hills, inclement skies;
 One shivers with the Arctic wind,
 One hears the polar axis grind.
 Good John *, indeed, with beef and claret
 Makes the place warm, that one way bear it.
 He has a purse to keep a table,
 And eke a soul as hospitable.
 My heart is good; but affets fail
 To fight with storms of snow and hail:
 Besides, the country's thin of people,
 Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
 The strapping Dean, that's gone to Down,
 Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown;
 When, much fatigu'd with sermon-study,
 He felt his brain grow dull and muddy,

* Dr. John Sterne, Bishop of Clogher, predecessor to Dr. Swift, as Dean of St. Patrick's.

No fit companion could be found
 To push the lazy bottle round;
 Sure then, for want of better folks
 To pledge, his clerk was orthodox.

Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
 Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
 Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
 And jostle as they troll along;

Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
 And grape-seed does in plenty grow,
 And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
 Exact at seven, "Hot mutton pies!"

There Lady Luna in her sphere
 Once shone, when Paunchforth was not near;
 But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
 Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.

There—but 'tis endless to write down
 All the amusements of the Town;
 And spouse will think herself quite undone,
 To trudge to Connor* from sweet London:
 And care we must our wives to please,
 Or else we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my Lord, what 'tis I lack,
 'Tis only some convenient tack,
 Some pars'nage-house, with garden sweet,
 To be my late, my last, retreat;

* Connor is united to the bishopric of Down; but here
 are two Deans.

A decent church close by its side,
 There preaching, praying, to reside;
 And as my time securely rolls,
 To save my own and others' souls. 29

HIS GRACE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed! I read thy brilliant lines,
 Where wit in all its glory shines;
 Where compliments, with all their pride,
 Are by their numbers dignify'd:
 I hope to make you yet as clean
 As that same, viz. St. Patrick's Dean:
 I'll give thee surplice, verge, and stall,
 And, may be, something else withal;
 And were you not so good a writer,
 I should present you with a mitre. 10
 Write worse; then, if you can—be wise—
 Believe me 'tis the way to rise.
 Talk not of making of thy nest;
 Ah! never lay thy head to rest;
 That head so well with wisdom fraught,
 That writes without the toil of thought: 15
 While others rack their busy brains,
 You are not in the least at pains.
 Down to your Dean'ry now repair,
 And build a castle in the air; 20

I'm sure a man of your fine sense
 Can do it with a small expense:
 There your dear spouse and you together
 May breathe your bellies full of ether;
 When Lady Luna is your neighbour,
 She'll help your wife when she's in labour;
 Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
 For she herself oft falls in pieces.
 There you shall see a rare show
 Will make you scorn this world below,
 When you behold the Milky-way
 As white as snow, as bright as day,
 The glitt'ring constellations roll
 About the grinding Arctic pole;
 The lovely tingling in your ears,
 Wrought by the music of the spheres—
 Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
 You need not fear a curtain lecture;
 Nor shall she think that she's undone
 For quitting her beloved London.
 When she's exalted in the skies,
 She'll never think of mutton pies;
 When you're advanc'd above Deany viz,
 You'll never think of Goody Griz,
 But ever, ever live at ease,
 And strive, and strive your wife to please:
 In her you'll centre all your joys,
 And get ten thousand girls and boys;

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Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
 And they, like stars, shall rise and set;
 While you and spouse, transform'd, shall soon
 Be a new sun and a new moon;
 Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
 For then your horns shall be your pride.

DEAN SWIFT

AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S,

In the north of Ireland.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill,
 Our invitation was but slight;
 I said—"Why, let him, if he will;"
 And so I bid Sir A—— write.

His manners would not let him wait,
 Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
 And so we saw him at our gate
 Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
 And day succeeding after day,
 Says not a word of his departure,
 Tho' not a soul would have him stay.

IV.
 I've said enough to make him blush,
 Methinks, or else the devil's in't;

But he cares not for it a rush, 15
Nor for my life will take the hint.

But you, my Dear! may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise. 20

VI.

Or you may say—My wife intends,
Tho' I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, Sir, I know you hate a crowd.

VII.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with joy 25
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnacloy*,
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.

VIII.

The house accounts are daily rising,
So much his stay doth swell the bills : 30
My dearest Life! it is surprising
How much he eats, how much he swills.

IX.

His brace of puppies how they stuff!
And they must have three meals a-day,
Yet never think they get enough : 35
His horses, too, eat all our hay.

* The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq.

X.

Oh! if I could, how I would man
 His tallow face and wainscot paws,
 His beetle-brows and eyes of wall,
 And make him soon give up the cause. 40

XI.

Must I be ev'ry moment chid
 With Skinny Bonia, Snip, and Lean*?
 Oh! that I could but once be rid
 Of this insulting tyrant Dean! 44

* The Dean used to call Lady Achefon by those names.

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SONGS AND BALLADS *.

SUNG AT THE CLUB

AT MR. TAPLIN'S,

The sign of the Drapier's Head in Truck-street.

-----Exegi monumentum aere perennius.

HOR.

SONG I.

I.

WITH brisk merry lays
We'll sing to the praise
Of that honest patriot the Drapier,
Who, all the world knows,
Confounded our foes
With nothing but pen, ink, and paper.

II.

A spirit divine
Ran thro' ev'ry line,
And made all our hearts fow to caper :
He fav'd us our goods,
And dumfounder'd Wood's ;
Then long life and health to the Drapier.

* Some of the following Songs are evidently not of the Dean's writing; but as they bear some relation to the patriotic disputes in which he successfully engaged, and as they have been printed both in the English and Irish editions of his Works, we have not thought proper to reject them.

We ne'er shall forget

His judgment or wit,

But life, you must know, is a vapour;

15

In ages to come,

We well may presume,

They'll monuments raise to the Drapier.

IV.

When senators meet,

They'll surely think fit

20

To honour and praise the good Drapier ;

Nay, juries shall join,

And sheriffs combine,

To thank him in well-written paper.

V.

You men of the Comb,

25

Come, lay by your loom,

And go to the sign of The Drapier ;

To Taplin declare

You one and all are

Kind loving good friends to his Paper.

30

VI.

Then join hand in hand,

To each other firm stand,

All health to the Club and the Drapier,

Who merrily meet,

And sing in Truck-street,

In praise of the well-written Paper.

36

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SONG II.

SINCE the Drapier's set up, and Wood is cry'd down,
 Let ballads be made by the bards of this town,
 To thank the brave Drapier for what he has done,
 Which no body can deny, brave Boys! which no body
 can deny.

II.
 When a project to ruin this nation was laid, 5
 To drain all our gold, and give brass in its stead,
 The Drapier he writ, and knock'd all on the head,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

III.
 His advice he address'd to men of all ranks,
 Which timely supported our trade and our banks, 10
 And no doubt the next session he'll have public thanks,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

IV.
 But who could imagine that some men in place
 Were for bringing this Drapier to shame and disgrace,
 Because he had writ upon too nice a case? 15
 Which no body can deny, &c.

V.
 That a J—— of this country should use all his skill
 To prevail on a j——y for finding a bill,
 And dissolve them because they thwarted his will?
 Which no body can deny, &c. 20

In vain are all offers the Drapier to take,
This kingdom ne'er cherish'd a poisonous snake,
And informers are wretches all men will forsake,
Which no body can deny, &c.

And for the good things he has brought to pass, 25
We hear for a sign have set up his face,
And wish we could set up his statue in brass,
Which no body can deny, &c.

Then, Taplin, fill out a glass of the best, 30
And let the King's health be drunk by each guest,
Let it shine in his face and glow in his breast, 31
Which no body can deny, &c.

For Carteret's merit a bumper prepare,
Whose faithful report of our loyalty here
Has baffled our foes, and remov'd all our fear, 35
Which no body can deny, &c.

The Protestant int'rest abroad and at home,
Our friends in this city, and those on the Comb,
Shall be pledg'd by all members in this Club and room,
Which no body can deny, &c. 40

Make haste, honest Taplin! and bring t'other pot,
The Drapier's good friends must not be forgot,
While you have good liquor, or we have a goat,
Which no body can deny, &c. 44

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SONG III.

I.

Or a worthy Dublin Drapier
 My purpose is to speak,
 Who for no private interest,
 But for his country's sake,
 By virtuous honour led,
 Egregious hazards run ;
 And so he set his country free
 Could more have undergone.

II.

Twice was he persecuted
 By traitors to the state ;
 And twice, by Virtue guarded,
 He did their wiles defeat ;
 Seek all the world about,
 And you will hardly find
 A man for honour to excel
 Our gallant Drapier's mind.

III.

For he was bred in Dublin,
 The chief of men was he ;
 From thence sent o'er to London,
 A'prentice for to be :
 A banker near the court
 Did like his service so,
 That a warm farm in his own land
 He did on him bestow.

IV.

When back again to Ireland 25
 This worthy Drapier came,
 He cast about most nobly,
 To advance its wealth and fame;
 And had the simple natives
 Observ'd his sage advice, 30
 Their wealth and fame, some years ago,
 Had reach'd above the skies.

For oft' he them admonish'd
 To mind the draping trade,
 And wear no manufactures 35
 But what themselves had made;
 But whilst by thoughtless mortals
 His schemes neglected lay,
 Some foes unto their country's weal
 His person would betray. 40

When thus her sons turn'd enemies,
 What nation free can last?
 And now, to quite enslave us,
 A champion over pass'd,
 In copper armour clad, 45
 A Wooden tool of might,
 Who by his boast of power did
 All Ireland affright.

VII.

With just disdain the Drapier
Beheld his brazen pride,
He could not hear with patience
How he our laws defy'd;
Forgetting former wrongs,
Unto our aid he flew,
And, with resistless courage, he
This giant overthrew.

VIII.

But, oh! the curs'd ingratitude
Of some! (no matter where)
Let all their names in history
With infamy appear;
For to reward his love,
In saving of their land,
They plotted to deliver him
Into the traitor's hand.

IX.

The Drapier at this treatment
Was not a whit dismay'd,
But for his country's safety,
More than his own, afraid;
He bravely sent 'em word
He'd stand the brunt of all,
If they would but secure the land
From Wood's sad brazen thrall.

.X.

Thus doth our gallant Drapier
 His trade and all expose,
 To save the land from foreign
 And from domestic foes;
 Who, their own turn to serve,
 Most basely would agree
 To bring us in dependence,
 Who are by nature free.

.XI.

For he hath shewn most clearly
 We can't be free by halves,
 And those to subjects subject
 Can be no less than slaves.
 As yet no acts we've made,
 And grant we never may,
 To give our brethren title
 To their pretended sway.

XII.

Then with your constant praises
 The Drapier's name adorn,
 Whilst those who would betray him
 Deserve the utmost scorn:
 In honouring his worth
 Let grateful friends be found,
 And with his health, next to the King's,
 Let glasses go all round.

SONG IV.

Now we're free by nature,
 Let us all our power exert,
 Since each human creature
 May his right assert.

CHORUS. Fill bumpers to the Drapier 5

Whose convincing paper
 Set us, gloriously;

From brazen fetters free.
 His warm zeal inspir'd us
 To withstand our country's fate,
 Whilst his writings fir'd us,
 Ere it was too late.

Fill bumpers, &c.

A true Roman spirit
 Fir'd our mighty hero's breast:
 By him we inherit
 What can make us blest.

Fill bumpers, &c.

Thus he bright in story,
 Like great Nassau once before,
 Freed us all with glory,
 What could mortal more?

Fill bumpers, &c.

All friends to the Drapier,
 Who revere his worthy name,
 In honour to his Paper,
 Sing his lasting fame.

Fill bumpers, &c. F ij

Thus, ye sons of Pleasure,

Who at Taplin's weekly sing,

In alternate measure

Loudly let him ring.

Fill bumpers, &c.

SONG V.

WHEN Wood had like to have taken root,

And canker'd all the nation,

The Drapier soon oppos'd his suit,

And stemm'd his innovation.

As when by Winter's hoary chains

The meadows are involv'd,

When Phœbus shines upon the plains

They're by his rays dissolv'd;

So when the Drapier did maintain

Our cause, to whom we're debtors,

The fire of his heroic vein

Destroy'd our brazen fetters,

Our liberty by him's restor'd;

Wood's foil'd by his own rapier;

Nor owe we more to Nassau's sword

Than to his pen and paper.

Amidst his foes, the hero (full

Of rage) outbrav'd the dangers;

And hence the brazen-footed Bull

Was sent to rack and manger.

Toss off your bumpers, raise a song,
 He ne'er shall be forgotten;
 His name shall charm each list'ning throng,
 When Wood is dead and rotten.

Let healths go round: cheer up, my Boys!
 And, whilst the spirit moves ye,
 Devote the present time to joys——
 And music, as behoves ye.

Here, honest Taplin! spare no man;
 Go, fetch us t'other bottle;
 We'll dance like Phœbus, sing like Pan,
 And drink like Aristotle.

VI. A BALLAD

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC.

*Written at the Castle of Dublin in the time of the Earl of
 Berkeley's government.*

I.

My Lord, to find out who must deal,
 Delivers cards about,
 But the first knave does seldom fail
 To find the Doctor out.

II.

But then his Honour cry'd Godzooks,
 And seem'd to knit his brow;
 For on a knave he never looks
 But he thinks upon Jack How.

III.

My Lady, tho' she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes,
And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

IV.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
For pair-royals and sequents,
But wisely cautious of her pence,
The Castle seldom frequents.

V.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
"I'd won it on my word,
"If I had but a pair of aces,
"And could pick up a third."

VI.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new-dye the lining.

VII.

"With these is Parson Swift,
"Not knowing how to spend his time,
"Does make a wretched shift
"To deafen them with puns and rhyme*."

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the Author's room unfinished, underwrit the last stanza, and left the paper where she had found it.

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VII.

TO THE TUNE OF THE CUTPURSE.

*Written in the year 1703 *.*

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
 A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin, and all
 But was sorely put to it in the midst of a verse,
 Because he could find no word to come pat in;
 Then all in the place
 He left a void space,
 And so went to bed in a desperate case:
 When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle. 9

CHORUS.

Let censuring critics then think what they list on't;
 Who would not write verses with such an assistant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement,
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite 13
 That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the casement,
 And it needs must be one that could both read and
 Yet he did not know [write :
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below :

* Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the Author's room some verses unfinished, underwrit a stanza of her own with rail-
 lery upon him, which gave occasion to this ballad, written
 by the Author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person
 had done it. See the preceding ballad.

Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself. 20
 CHO. Let censuring, &c.

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand;
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains,
 When he found a new help from invisible hand. 25
 Then, good Doctor Swift!
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you freely must own you were at a dead lift;
 And tho' some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
 CHO. Let censuring, &c.

VIII. AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET*.

*To the tune of Packington's Pound.**Written in the year 1720.*

BROCADOES and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
 Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,

* Dr. Swift having wrote a treatise, advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a prosecution was set on foot against Waters the printer thereof, which was carried on with so much violence, that the then Lord Chief Justice, one Whithshed, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to send them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.

With fusty things more: now hear what the law says,
 Whoe'er will not wear them is not the King's lover.
 That's the Printer and Dean
 Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wear,
 We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
 The Dean and his Printer then let us cry Fy on;
 To be clothed like a carcass would make a Teague
 mad.

Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

Our wives they grow fatter
 At wearing of woollen,

And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in:
 Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
 daughters,

In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

III.
 Whoever our trading with England would hinder,

To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire,
 Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
 And wool it is greasy and quickly takes fire:

Therefore I assure ye
 Our noble grand jury,

When they saw the Dean's book they were in a great
 fury;

They would buy English silks for their wives and their
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *coram nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if swearing can do't, shall be swingingly mau'd:
And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the Printer will' peach him he'll scarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters. 36

IX. WILL. WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND,

Being an excellent New Song,

*Supposed to be made and sung in the streets of Dublin by
William Wood ironmonger and halfpenny-monger, 1725.*

My dear Irish folks
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glister and shine.

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II. A NEW BALLAD.

They'll sell, to my grief, in plenty in the street
 As cheap as neck-beef, for one you'll have twenty
 For counters at cards to your wife;
 And every day, our neighbours will think
 Your children may play, When your pocket cries out
 Span-farthing, or Toss on the knife, You are grown

III.

Come hither and try, You will be wiser than I
 I'll teach you to buy, I'll mark you my bankers
 A pot of good ale for a farthing: 15
 Come, threepence a score, For nothing shall pass
 I ask you no more, But my girdle
 And a fig for the Drapier and Harding*.

IV.

When tradesmen have gold, I'm a son of a whore
 The thief will be bold, I have a world more
 By day and by night for to rob him: 20
 My copper is such, It may soon will not pass
 No robber will touch, I mark the likelihood
 And so you may daintily bob him. And so I conclude

V.

The little blackguard, 25
 Who gets very hard
 His halfpence for cleaning your shoes,
 When his pockets are cramm'd
 With mine, and be d——'d,
 He may swear he has nothing to lose. 30

* The Drapier's printer.

VII.

Here's halfpence in plenty,
 For one you'll have twenty,
 Tho' thousands are not worth a pudden;
 Your neighbours will think,
 When your pocket cries Chink,
 You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

VIII.

You will be my thankers,
 I'll make you my bankers,
 As good as Ben Burton or Fade;
 For nothing shall pass
 But my pretty brass,
 And then you'll be all of a trade.

VIII.

I'm a son of a whore
 If I have a word more
 To say in this wretched condition;
 If my coin will not pass,
 I must die like an ass;
 And so I conclude my Petition.

* Two famous bankers.

X. AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD:

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN*.

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE.

Written in the year 1730.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean;
 A blessing upon them I have sent us this year,
 For the good of our church, a true English Dean:
 A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
 The worst you can say, he committed a Rape.

In his journey to Dublin he lighted at Chester,
 And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
 Burst into her chamber, and would have carcs'd her,
 But she valn'd her honour much more than her life.
 She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
 To a room full of guests, for fear of a Rape.

The Dean he pursu'd to recover his game;
 And now to attack her again he prepares;
 But the company stood in defence of the dame;
 They cudgell'd and cuff'd him, and kick'd him down stairs.
 His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
 And this was no time for committing a Rape.

* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes.

IV.
 To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
 And orders the landlord to bring him a whore; 20
 No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
 'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
 He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
 And got a good clap, but committed no Rape.

V.
 The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade, 25
 Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
 For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
 Of drinking all day and of whoring all night.
 His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
 In ev'ry debauch but committing a Rape. 30

VI.
 This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
 In church and in state was of principle sound;
 Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
 And grieved that a Tory should live above ground.
 Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape 35
 For no other crime but committing a Rape?

VII.
 By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
 Each priest had a concubine *jure ecclesie*;
 Who'd be Dean of Ferns without a *Commendam*?
 And precedents we can produce if it please ye. 40
 Then why should the Dean, when whores are so cheap,
 Be put to the peril and toil of a Rape?

VIII.

If Fortune should please but to take such a creature,
 (To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
 To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre and rochet,
 Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a gossamer;
 But I only behold thee in Atherton's* shape,
 For Sodomy hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres,
 Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
 To hang him all England would lend him their gar-
 Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again. [ters;
 Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
 For thou hast not a great to atone for a Rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing;
 He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
 He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling,
 But here was to pay the devil and all.
 His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
 And hang'd he must be for committing a Rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd it is their own choice;
 Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
 If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
 No devil nor dean could ravish 'em then;
 Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
 Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a Rape.

* A Bp. of Waterford, sent from England 100 years ago.

XII

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
 For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad;
 She sends us our bishops, and judges, and deans,
 And better would give us if better she had.
 But, Lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
 When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a Rape!

XI. A LOVE-SONG.

IN THE MODERN TASTE.

Written in the year 1733.

Flutters and spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid! o'er my heart;
 I a slave in thy dominions
 Nature must give way to Art.
 Mild Attadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks;
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon' flow'ry rocks.

III

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!
 Him the bear, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.
 Cynthia! tune harmonious numbers;
 Fair Discretion! string the lyre;

Sooth my ever-waking slumbers; 15
Bright Apollo! lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto! king of terrors!
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains. 20

VI.

Mournful cypress! verdant willow!
Gilding my Aurelia's brows;
Morpheus! hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows. 25

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander 25
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate, 30
See the bird of Juno stooping,
Melody resigns to Fate. 35

XII. A LOVE-SONG.

A pud in is almi des ire,
Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re;
Alo veri findit a gestis,
His mi feri ne ver at restis. 4

XIII. THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW; OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERJEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN,

To the tune of Derry down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How B—th that booby, and S—l in grain,
Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean.

Knock him down, down, down, knock him down. 5
The Dean and his merits we ev'ry one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he grow?
How greater's his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer or leap of a louse?

Knock him down, &c. 10
That he came from the Temple his morals do show,
But where his deep law is few mortals yet know:
His rhet'ric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning than pleading at bar.

Knock him down, &c. 15
This pedler, at speaking and making of laws
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has with noise and odd gestures been prating some
What honest folk never durst for their ears. [years

Knock him down, &c. 20
Of all sizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true;

Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same;
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they came?

Knock him down, &c.
Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins, and Nays,
And Muggleton, Tolland, and Bradley the tailor, flor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be avers'd
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.

Knock him down, &c.
He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! we'll set on new rates
On their tythes at half-nothing, their priesthood at less:
What's next to be voted with ease you may guess.

Knock him down, &c.
At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.

Knock him down, &c.
He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of Virtue, not wages of Sin:
He began as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he swore.

Knock him down, &c.
Tho' he cring'd to his Deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And flitting of noses and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the shears.

Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of Deans, when'er we can hit;
 We'll shew him the way how to crop and to slit;
 We'll teach him some better address to afford
 To the Dean of all Deans, tho' he wears not a sword.
 Knock him down, &c.
 We'll colt him thro' Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
 And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
 We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
 A modus right fit for insulters of Deans.
 Knock him down, &c.
 And when this is over, we'll make him amends,
 To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
 But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
 A face for to kiss without eyes, ears, or nose.
 Knock him down, &c.
 If you say this is hard, on a man that is reckon'd
 That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
 You mistake; for a slave who will coax his superiors,
 May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriors.
 Knock him down, &c.
 What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
 Tho' his soul he despises, he values his hide;
 Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
 He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
 Knock him down, down, down, — keep him down.

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XIV. DINGLEY AND BRENT*.

A SONG.

To the tune of Ye Commons and Peers.

Dingley and Brent,
 Wherever they went,
 Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
 Whatever was said,
 They ne'er troubled their head,
 But laugh'd at their own silly joking.
 Should Solomon wise
 In majesty rise,
 And shew them his wit and his learning,
 They never would hear,
 But turn the deaf ear,
 As a matter they had no concern in.
 You tell a good jest, jest, jest,
 And please all the rest,
 Comes Dingley, and asks you, What was it?
 And, curious to know,
 Away she will go
 To seek an old rag in the closet.

* Brent, a gentleman of wit and learning, who had written some farcalle verses upon Sheridan.

* Dingley, Dr. Swift's housekeeper.

XV. AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

Being the intended speech of a famous orator against peace.

AN orator Dismal of Nottinghamshire,
 Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
 Out of zeal for his country, and want of a place,
 Is come up, *vi et armis*, to break the Queen's peace.
 He has vamp'd an old Speech, and the court, to their
 sorrow,
 Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
 When once he begins he never will finch,
 But repeats the same note a whole day like a finch.
 I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
 And, mistakes to prevent, I have obtained a copy: so

THE SPEECH.

WHEREAS, notwithstanding, I am in great pain,
 To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
 But, most noble Senators! 'tis a great shame
 There should be a peace while I'm not in game.
 The Duke shew'd me all his fine house; and the Du-
 chess
 From her closet brought out a full purse in her clutches:
 I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start,
 His Grace swore by God, and her Grace let a fart:
 My long old-fashion'd pocket was presently cramm'd,
 And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damp'd,
 But some will cry Turncoat, and rip up old stories,
 How I always pretended to be for the Tories.

I answer, the Tories were in my good graces,
Till all my relations were put into places;
But still I'm in principle ever the same,
And will quit my best friends while I'm not in game.

When I and some others subscribed our names
To a plot for expelling my master King James,
I withdrew my subscription by help of a blot,
And so might discover or gain by the plot : 20
I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
For Daniel was got from the den of the lions;
I came in without danger; and was I to blame?
For rather than hang I would be not in game.

I swore to the Queen that the Prince of Ha—cr 25
During her sacred life should never come over :
I made use of a trope, that an heir to invite,
Was like keeping her monument always in sight;
But when I thought proper I alter'd my note,
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote 30
That her Majesty stood in great need of a tutor,
And must have an old or a young coadjutor :
For why, I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was not in game. 34

Now my new benefactors have brought me about,
And I'll vote against peace with Spain, or without.
Tho' the court gives my nephews, and brothers, and
And all my whole family, places by dozens, [cousins,
Yet since I know where a full purse may be found,
And hardly pay eighteenpence tax in the pound; 40

Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my figures nor tropes,
I'll speech against peace while Dismal's my name,
And be a true Whig while I am not in game.

XVI. DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO RALLYSPELLIN*.

Written by Dr. Sheridan,

DARE you dispute, you saucy brnte,
And think there's no refelling
Your senny lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I there pronounce
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and scours the blood,
When drank at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? as well may I
Name honest Doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

* This Answer was resented by Dr. Sheridan as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the Spaw.

No subject fit to try your wit
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and Teagues
That met at Ballyspellin. 20

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaus can kill
Than your's at Ballyspellin. 25

Would I was whipt when Sheelah stript
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin. 30

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin. 35

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling,
Because he gets a few grizets
At lousy Ballyspellin. 40

There's bonny Jane in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell Inn;

Where can you meet a lass so sweet
Round all your Ballyspellin? 40

XII.

We have a girl deserves an earl,
She came from Enniskillin,
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin.

XIII.

How would you stare to see her there 45
The foggy mist dispelling
That cloud the brows of ev'ry blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

XIV.

Now as I live I would not give
A stiver for a skellin, 50
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

XV.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling;
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts 55
At dirty Ballyspellin.

XVI.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write
To force in Ballyspellin. 60

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RIDDLES.

A RIDDLE.

Written in the year 1724.*

In youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white;
My person tall, and slender waist
On either side with fringes grac'd,
Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side:
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin:
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt,
At head and foot my body lopt,
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.

* Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the Author, used to entertain themselves with writing Riddles, and sending them to him and their other acquaintance, copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The Author, at his leisure hours, fell into the same amusement, although it be said that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons for whom the Author had a great esteem, and who were pleased to send the copies, the few following have been published, (which are allowed to be genuine) because we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.

To vex me more, he took a freak 13
 But slit my tongue and make me speak;
 But that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to eyes and not to ears,
 He oft' employs me in disguise,
 And makes me tell a thousand lies: 20
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice or his lust:
 From me no secret he can hide;
 I see his vanity and pride;
 And my delight is to expose 25
 His follies to his greatest foes.
 All languages I can command,
 Yet not a word I understand
 Without my aid the best divine
 In learning would not know a line; 30
 The lawyer must forget his pleading,
 The scholar could not show his reading.
 Nay, man my master is my slave:
 I give command to kill or save;
 Can grant ten thousand pounds a year, 35
 And make a beggar's brat a peer.
 But while I thus my life relate,
 I only hasten on my fate:
 My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a word: 40
 I die unpitied and forgot,
 Am on some dunghill left to rot. 42

II.

ANOTHER.

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
 To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
 How is the greatest monarch blest'd,
 When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd!
 No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
 From me, or my embraces shun.
 Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
 My constancy is still the same.
 The fav'rite messenger of Jove,
 And Lemnian god, consulting strove
 To make me glorious to the sight
 Of mortals, and the gods' delight:
 Soon would their altars' flame expire
 If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

ANOTHER.

By fate exalted high in place,
 Lo! here I stand with a double face;
 Superior none on earth I find,
 But see below me all mankind:
 Yet as it oft' attends the great,
 I almost sink with my own weight.

At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look:
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.

10

I am a courtier in my way,
For those who rais'd me I betray;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice,
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.

15

By riding post I lose my health,
And only to get others wealth.

18

IV.

ANOTHER.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wisely chuse to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.

My words are few, but spoke with sense,
And yet my speaking gives offence;

3

Or if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppress'd,
And my oppression gives them rest.

10

'Thro' me, tho' fore against my will,
Instructors ev'ry art instil.

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By thousands I am sold and bought,
 Who neither get nor lose a groat;
 For none, alas ! by me can gain,
 But those who give me greatest pain,
 Shall man presume to be my master,
 Who's but my caterer and taster ?
 Yet tho' I always have my will,
 I'm but a mere depender still ;
 An humble hanger-on at best,
 Of whom all people make a jest.
 In me detractors seek to find
 Two vices of a diff'rent kind :
 I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry,
 And all I get I let it fly ;
 While others give me many a curse,
 Because too close I hold my purse.
 But this I know, in either case
 They dare not charge me to my face.
 'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I save,
 Sometimes run out of all I have ;
 But when the year is at an end,
 Computing what I get and spend,
 My goings-out and comings-in,
 I cannot find I lose or win ;
 And therefore all that know me say,
 I justly keep the middle way.
 I'm always by my betters led ;
 Last get up, am first a-bed ;

Tho' if I rise before my time,
 The learn'd in sciences sublime
 Consult the stars, and thence foretell
 Good luck to those with whom I dwell. 44

V.

ANOTHER.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
 Domestic subject for disputes,
 Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
 Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care,
 I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
 Supporting half the British crown;
 And often have I seen thee grace
 The chaste Diana's infant face,
 And whensoever you please to shine,
 Less useful is her light than thine: 10
 Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
 And oft' in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
 I'll shew the world strange things and true:
 What lords and dames of high degree 15
 May justly claim their birth from thee!
 The soul of man with spleen you vex;
 Of spleen you cure the female sex.
 Thee for a gift the courtier sends!
 With pleasure to his special friends: 20

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He gives, and, with a gen'rous pride,
 Contrives all means the gift to hide,
 Nor oft' can the receiver know
 Whether he has the gift or no.
 On airy wings you take your flight,
 And fly unseen both day and night;
 Conceal your form with various tricks,
 And few know how or where you fix:
 Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
 That they to others give thee most.
 Mean time the wise a question start,
 If thou a real being art,
 Or but a creature of the brain,
 That gives imaginary pain?
 But the sly giver better knows thee,
 Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

ANOTHER.

Tho' I, alas! a prisoner be,
 My trade is pris'ners to set free.
 No slave his lord's commands obeys
 With such insinuating ways:
 My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
 Wherein the men of wit delight,
 The clergy keep me for their ease,
 And turn and wind me as they please.

A new and wondrous art I show;
 Of raising spirits from below;
 In scarlet some, and some in white,
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright;
 In at each mouth the spirits pass,
 Distinctly seen as thro' a glass,
 O'er head and body make a rout,
 And drive at last all secrets out,
 And still the more I show my art,
 The more they open ev'ry heart.
 A greater chymist none than I,
 Who from materials hard and dry
 Have taught men to extract with skill
 More precious juice than from a still.
 Altho' I'm often out of case,
 I'm not ashamed to shew my face.
 Tho' at the tables of the great
 I near the side-board take my seat,
 Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one:
 He kindly bids me near him stand,
 And often takes me by the hand.
 I twice a-day a-hunting go,
 Nor ever fail to seize my foe,
 And when I have him by the pole,
 I drag him upwards from his hole,
 Tho' some are of so stubborn kind,
 I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end,
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

VII.

ANOTHER.

THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

Written in the year 1724.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man ! of all thy vain pursuits :
Take wise advice, and look behind ;
Bring all past actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side !
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad reverse appears !

This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs :
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils ;
Here with an easy search we find
The foul corruptions of mankind ;
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitots who their country sold.

This gulf insatiable imbibes
 The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes: 20
 Here, in their proper shape and mien,
 Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt, are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
 All human race must hither draw;

All prompted by the same desire, 25

The vig'rous youth and aged fire.

Behold the coward and the brave,

The haughty prince, the humble slave,

Physician, lawyer, and divine,

All make oblations at this shrine. 30

Some enter boldly, some by stealth,

And leave behind their fruitless wealth;

For while the bashful sylvan maid,

As half ashamed and half afraid,

Approaching finds it hard to part, 35

With that which dwelt so near her heart,

The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,

Profusely pours her off'rings here.

A treasure here of learning lurks,

Huge heaps of never-dying works; 40

Labours of many an ancient sage,

And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all off'rings pass,

And lie an undistinguish'd mass

Deucalion to restore mankind, 45

Was bid to throw the stones behind;

So those who here their gifts convey,
Are forc'd to look another way;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below. 50

Sad charnel-house!! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home;
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave,
Where each supply of dead renews 55
Unwholesome damps, offensive dews;
And, lo! the writing on the walls
Points out where each new victim falls,
The food of worms, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign! 60

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt, 65
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen, 70
In royal garments each was dress'd,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript,
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;

Twice were they bury'd, twice were born; 75
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd, here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft' the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of opposing winds;
And seeks to learn the secret cause
Which alien seems from Nature's laws;
Why at this cave's tremendous mouth
He feels at once both north and south;
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Thro' clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, opening all his stores,
Pierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet from this mingled mass of things
In time a new creation springs: 90
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men:
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods. 96

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: VIII. To pledges of our love

ANOTHER.

LOUISA TO STREPHON.

Written in the year 1724.

Ah, Strephon! how can you despise
 Her who without thy pity dies?
 To Strephon I have still been true;
 And of as noble blood as you;
 Fair issue of the genial bed,
 A virgin in thy bosom bred;
 Embrac'd thee closer than a wife;
 When thee I leave I leave my life.
 Why should my shepherd take amiss
 That oft' I wake thee with a kiss?
 Yet you of ev'ry kiss complain;
 Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
 A pain which ev'ry happy night
 You cure with ease and with delight;
 With pleasure, as the poet sings;
 Too great for mortals less than kings.
 Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
 Observes me with revengeful eye:
 If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
 She'll tear me with her desp'rate nails,

And with relentless hands destroy
 The tender pledges of our joy :
 Nor have I bred a spurious race :
 They all were born from thy embrace.

Consider, Strephon, what you do, 25
 For should I die for love of you,
 I'll haunt thy dreams a bloodless ghost ;
 And all my kin, a num'rous host,
 Who down direct our lineage bring
 From victors o'er the Memphian king, 30
 Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody plains,
 Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
 And scorn the pleasures of a court ;
 From whom great Sylla found his doom, 35
 Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
 Shall on thee take a vengeance dire :
 Thou like Alcides shalt expire,
 When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
 And skin and flesh in pieces tore, 40
 Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
 Cut from the piece that made her shift,
 Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted hide. 44

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IX.

ANOTHER.

Written in the year 1725.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind;
Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
And such is my prolific pow'r,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground.
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
Ere join'd such numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a ring,
Nor can our parson blame the thing;
And tho' no marriage-words are spoke,
They part not till the ring is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high;
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
And then the jovial Cavaliers
To their old post, restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X.

ANOTHER.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine;
What you see is none of mine.
First I shew you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And, what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung, (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas, from my father's brain;
And after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion, bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field;
All figures heav'n or earth can yield:
Like Daphne, sometimes in a tree;
Yet am not one of all you see.

XI.

ANOTHER.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,
The terror of women and pleasure of boys;

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Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd;
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead,
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why, then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ; 10
The moment I get one my soul's all a-fire,
I roar out my joy, and in transport expire. 12

XII.

ANOTHER.

There is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
But very few are fond to enter;
Altho' 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way:
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood ;
They can't come near it for their blood ;
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know. 10
Yet commoners, with greatest ease,
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state,
(Or they can never pass the gate)

Like Roman generals triumphant,
 And then they take a turn and jump on't.
 If gravest parsons here advance,
 They cannot pass before they dance;
 There's not a soul that does resort here,
 But strips himself to pay the porter. 20

XIII.

ANOTHER.

From heav'n I fall, tho' from earth I begin,
 No lady alive can shew such a skin.
 I'm bright as an angel and light as a feather,
 But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
 Tho' candour and truth in my aspect I bear;
 Yet many poor creatures I help to insnare.
 Tho' so much of heav'n appears in my make,
 The foulest impressions I easily take.
 My parent and I produce one another,
 The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother. 9

XIV.

ANOTHER.

I'm up and down, and round about,
 Yet all the world can't find me out;
 Tho' hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
 They never yet could find my measure. 4

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I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

XV.

ANOTHER.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
The son of Pitch and gloomy Night,
Yet all that know me will agree
I'm dead except I live in light.

II.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar,
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

III.

My blood this day is very sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk 'tis cry'd about the street,
And so apply'd to diff'rent use.

IV.

Most wondrous is my magic pow'r;
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
Next make a devil of a saint.

Thro' distant regions I can fly,
Provide me with but paper wings;
And fairly shew a reason why
There should be quarrels among kings.

20

VI.

And after all you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And shew where they can best confute.

VII.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats,
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very souls away.

25

28

XVI.

ANOTHER.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

XVII.

ANOTHER.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;

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One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin, now
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

XVIII.

ANOTHER.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us, unknown, a clerk
Sits and takes them in the dark:
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules;
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.
One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.

If wine's bought or victuals dress'd,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all, with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.
Tho' ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

XIX.

ANOTHER.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda! dart their heav'nly beams,
I feel not the least love-surprise,
Yet endless tears flow down in streams:
There's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

II.

The lilies of thy skin compare,
In me you see them full as white;
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight:
Then since I shew as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

III. **Ah, lovely Nymph! thou'rt in thy prime;**
And so am I whilst thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time 15
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
And your's to follow my direction.

IV. **Then catch admirers while you may;**
Treat not your lovers with disdain; 20
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring. 24

XX.

ANOTHER.

NEVER speaking, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak,
The delight of old and young,
Tho' I speak without a tongue;
Nought but one thing can confound me, 5
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble, 10
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark or I can low; 10

I can bleat or I can sing,
 Like the warblers of the spring.
 Let the love-sick hard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helpnig voice.
 Both are welcome, grief or joy;
 I with either sport and toy.
 Tho' a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out;
 Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vex'd can't keep me under;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear:
 Much I dread the courtier's fate
 When his merit's out of date;
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

25

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XXI.

ANOTHER.

MOST things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please they're great and small;
 Invading foes, without resistance,
 With ease I make to keep their distance.

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Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe
Will come, tho' not a foot they go.
Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
And lowing herds, and piping swains,
Come dancing to me o'er the plains.

The greatest whale that swims the sea
Does instantly my pow'r obey.

In vain from me the sailor flies;

The quickest ship I can surprize,

And turn it as I have a mind,

And move it against tide and wind :

Nay, bring me here the tallest man,

I'll squeeze him to a little span;

Or bring a tender child and pliant,

You'll see me stretch him to a giant;

Nor shall they in the least complain,

Because my magic gives no pain.

XXII.

ANOTHER.

We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some undone:

But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost:
 Tho' we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIII.

A RIDDLE. BY DR. DELANY,

Inscribed to the Lady Carteret.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
 Without stretching a finger or stirring a foot:
 I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
 Tho' many and various, and large and asunder.
 Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
 Thro' a wonderful wicket, not half an inch wide;
 Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
 Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things more.
 All this I can do without witchcraft or charm,
 Tho' sometimes they say I bewitch and do harm.
 Tho' cold I inflame, and tho' quiet invade, II
 And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
 A thief that has robb'd you or done you disgrace,
 In magical mirror I'll shew you his face:
 Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said, 13
 They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.
 Like conjurers, safe in my circle I dwell;
 I love to look black too, it heightens my spell.
 Tho' my magic is mighty in every hue,
 Who see all my power must see it in you.

XXIV.

The foregoing Riddle answered

BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an eye
Your riddle I spy.
I observe your wicket
Hemm'd in by a thicket,
And whatever passes
Is strain'd thro' glasses.
You say it is quiet;
I flatly deny it:
It wanders about,
Without stirring out;
No passion so weak
But gives it a tweak:
Love, joy, and devotion
See it always in motion.
And as for the tragic
Effects of its magic,
Which you say it can kill,
Or revive at its will,
The dead are all sound
And revive above ground.
After all you have writ
It cannot be wit;
Which plainly does follow,
Since it flies from Apollo.

Its cowardice such,
It cries at a touch;
'Tis a perfect milksop,
Grows drunk with a drop.
Another great fault,
It cannot bear salt;
And a hair can disarm
It of every charm.

XXV.

A RIDDLE. BY DR. SWIFT.

To my Lady Carteret.

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales by zephyrs fraught,
For Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can't shew more different hues than I;
Nor can she change her form so fast;
I'm now a sail, and now a mast.
I here am red, and there am green,
A beggar there, and here a queen,
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair.
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold.
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme—and you're the man.

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EPIGRAMS.

I.

EPIGRAM,

On seeing a worthy prelate go out of St. Anne's church,
in the time of divine service, to wait on his Grace the
D. of D—— on his arrival.

Lord Pam in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd
down,

But when told the Lieutenant was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion, 3
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.

II.

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRASHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1730.

THE Thrasher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb says, No fence against a flail.
From thrashing corn he turns to thrash his brains,
For which her Majesty allows him grains; 4
Tho' 'tis confess'd that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw.

Thrice happy Duck! employ'd in thrashing stubble;
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double. 8

III.

AN EPIGRAM

ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the shore
First with the brazen cannons' roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums; 4
Approaching near the town, he hears
The brazen bell salute his ears;
But when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd. 8

IV.

ANOTHER.

ON THE D ——— E OF C ——— 3.

J ——— s B ——— s was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke; their friendship here must end.
Surely the Dean deserves a fore rebuke,
From knowing James to say he knows a Duke. 4

V.

AN EPIGRAM ON SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mould:
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch
For where and rogue, and dog and bitch.

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AN EPIGRAM ON DIC.

DIC, heris agro at an da quarto finale,
 Fora ringat ure nos an da stringat ure tale, 2

VII.

EPIGRAM

Written upon a window in an Inn

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
 To hardships in pursuit of health;
 From gen'rous wines and costly fare,
 And dozing in an easy chair;
 Pursue the goddess Health in vain, 5
 To find her in a country scene,
 And ev'ry where her footsteps trace,
 And see her marks in ev'ry face;
 And still her favourites we meet,
 Crowding the roads with naked feet; 10
 But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
 We ne'er can have her full in view. 14

VIII.

ANOTHER.

THE glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
 Dims and obscures our sight;
 So when our passions love hath stirr'd,
 It darkens reason's light. 4

IX.

ANOTHER,

Written upon a window where there was no writing before.

THANKS to my stars I once can see
 A window here from scribbling free :
 Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
 To scratch their paltry drabs on glass ;
 No party-fool is calling names,
 Or dealing crowns to George and James.

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X.

ANOTHER, AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
 But dear as the d—l :
 Your pockets grow empty
 With nothing to tempt ye :
 The wine is so sour
 'Twill give you a scour :
 The beer and the ale
 Are mingled with stale :
 The veal is such carrion,
 A dog would be weary on.
 All this I have felt,
 For I live on a smelt.

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ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
 Are full of renown,
 And strangers delight to walk round 'em;
 But as for the dwellers,
 Both buyers and sellers,
 For me you may hang 'em or drown 'em. 6

XII.

ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! must I still
 Be here detain'd against my will?
 Is this your justice, when I'm come
 Above two hundred miles from home,
 O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
 Half chok'd with dust, half drown'd with rains,
 Only your godship to implore,
 To let me kiss your other shore?
 A boon so small! but I may weep,
 Whilst you're, like Baal, fast asleep. 10

XIII.

EPIGRAM.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life;

Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice— 5
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife. 10

AN INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR. SWIFT'S
 MONUMENT,

Designed by Cunningham, on College-Green, Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
 What added honours can the sculptor give?
 None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name—
 Must bid the sculptor and his marble live. 4

June 4. 1765.

XIV.

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend,
 And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend.
 Her mitre jealous Britain may deny; 3
 That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply:
 Thro' life's low vale she, grateful, gave him bread;
 Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead. B. N.

ELEGIES AND EPIGRAMS.
XV.

A French gentleman, dining with some company on a fast-day, called for some bacon and eggs: the rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a sin; whereupon he wrote the following lines extempore.

"PEUT on croire avec bon sens

"Qu'un lardon le mit en colere?

"Ou que manger un harang,

"C'est un secret pour luy plaire?

"En sa gloire envelopé

"Songe t'il bien de nos soupé?"

IN ENGLISH.

WHO can believe, with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence?
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

XVI.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

NOW Europe's balanc'd; neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I. AN ELEGY

On the supposed death of

PARTRIDGE THE ALMANAC-MAKER.

WELL, 'tis as Bickerstaff has guesst,
 Tho' we all took it for a jest,
 Partridge is dead: nay, more, he dy'd
 Ere he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
 Strange an astrologer should die
 Without one wonder in the sky!
 Not one of all his erony stars
 To pay their duty at his herse!
 No meteor, no eclipse, appear'd I
 No comet with a flaming beard!
 The sun has rose and gone to bed
 Just as if Partridge were not dead,
 Nor hid himself behind the moon,
 To make a dreadful night at noon:
 He at fit periods walks thro' Aries,
 Howe'er our earthly motion varies,
 And twice a year he'll cut th' equator,
 As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
 There is 'twixt cobbling and astrology;

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How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies!

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes,
From whence 'tis plain the diadem

That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays,
Which plainly shows the near alliance

'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.

Besides, that slow-pac'd sign Boötes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it Boots.

The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing horns,
Shews how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.

A scrap of parchment hung by geometry,
(A great refinement in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacs or shoes.

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts.

And as the boding owl (or rather
 The bat, because her wings are leather)
 Steals from her private cell by night,
 And flies about the candle-light;
 So learned Partridge could as well
 Creep in the dark from leathern cell,
 And in his fancy fly as far,
 To peep upon a twinkling star. 55

Besides, he could confound the spheres
 And set the planets by the ears.
 To shew his skill, he Mars could join
 To Venus in aspect malign;
 Then call in Mercury for aid,
 And cure the wounds that Venus made. 60

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
 When Philip King of Greece was dead,
 His soul and spirit did divide;
 And each part took a different side;
 One rose a star, the other fell
 Beneath, and mended shoes in hell. 65

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
 The cobbling and star-gazing part,
 And is install'd as good a star
 As any of the Cæsars are.
 Triumphant star! some pity show
 On cobblers militant below,
 Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
 Torment by pissing out their lights; 75

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Or thro' a chink convey their smoke;
Inclos'd artificers to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there: 80
To thee the Bull will lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;

Then Ariadne kindly lends 85
Her braided hair to make thee ends;
The point of Sagittarius' dart

Turns to an awl by heav'nly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife; 90

For want of room by Virgo's side
She'll strain a point and sit astride,
To take thee kindly in between,

And then the signs will be thirteen. 94

THE EPITAPH.

Here, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack,
Who to the stars, in pure good will,
Does to his best look upward still.

Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes; 95

And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a-week;

This earth, which bears his body's print,
 You'll find has so much virtue in't,
 That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In phyfic, stolen goods; or love;
 As he himself could when above.

II. AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF MR. DEMAR;
The famous rich Usurer, who died the 6th of July 1720.*

Written in the year 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar;
 Nor can four hundred thousand Sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess,
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
 His faithful steward in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms:
 So to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

* This Elegy was a subject started, and partly executed, in company, consisting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint; and Stella's were the 31st, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Hawkes.*

Where'er he went he never saw his betters; 15
 Lords, knights, and 'squires, were all his humble
 And under hand and seal the Irish nation [debtors;
 Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat: 20
 His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his int'rest keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh, London Tavern*! thou hast lost a friend, 25
 Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
 He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot:
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize; 30
 But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spite
 Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light:

And as he saw his darling money fail,
 Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange 35
 If he should now be cry'd down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow:
 Alas! the sexton is thy banker now.
 A dismal banker must that banker be
 Who gives no bills but of mortality. 40

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

THE EPITAPH.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
 Demar, the wealthy and the wise;
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his carcass in a chest;
 The very chest in which, they say,
 His other self, his money, lay;
 And if his heirs continue kind
 To that dear self he left behind,
 I dare believe that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

III. A SATIRICAL ELEGY

On the death of

A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
 Of old age too, and in his bed!
 And could that mighty warrior fall?
 And so inglorious, after all!
 Well, since he's gone no matter how,
 The last loud trump must wake him now;
 And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the newspapers we're told?
 Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die.

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This world he cumber'd long enough ;
 He burnt his candle to the snuff;
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind so great a st—k.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse. 20
 But what of that ? his friends may say
 He had those honours in his day.
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither, all ye empty things, 25
 Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings,
 Who float upon the tide of state,
 Come hither, and behold your fate !
 Let pride be taught by this rebuke
 How very mean a thing's a duke ; 30
 From all his ill-got honours flung,
 Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung, 32

IV. AN EPITAPH

ON GENERAL G * * * * S AND LADY M * * TH.

I.

19 UNDER this stone lie Dicky and Dolly ;
 Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy,
 For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

III. *How much he lov'd her, and how much he lov'd her,*
 Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear,
 But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year,
 A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

IV. *Behold his funeral spread,*
 Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms cross'd;
 Thought much of his Doll and the jointure he lost;
 The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd him most.

V. *But what of that? his friends may say,*
 Thus loaded with grief Dick sigh'd and he cry'd; so
 To live without both full three days he try'd,
 But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

VI. *Come hither, all ye country things,*
 Dick left a pattern few will copy after;
 Then, Reader, pray shed some tears of salt water,
 For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

VII. *Let him be taught by sad example,*
 M—th smiles for the jointure, tho' gotten so late;
 The son laughs that got the hard-gotten estate,
 And Cuff* grins, forgetting the Alicant plate.

VII.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
 Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
 And here rest. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* 21

* General G——'s son-in-law.

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V. A QUIBBLING ELEGY,

ON THE WORTHY JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

To mournful ditties, Oho, change thy note,
Since cruel Fate hath sunk our Justice Boat.
Why should he sink where nothing seem'd to press?
His lading little, and his ballast less,
Toft in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length his anchor fix'd and canvass furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Rings-end he founders in the port:
With water fill'd †, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger Boat. 10

A post so fill'd on Nature's laws intrinsec;
Benches on boats are plac'd, not Boats on benches:
And yet our Boat, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot!
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack, 15
Had many pendants, but abhor'd a Jack ‡.
He's gone, altho' his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench on which he sat!
He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that: 20

* Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

† It was said he died of a dropsy.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Yet when his sand was out, we find, at last,
 That Death has overfet him with a blast.
 Our Boat is now fail'd to the Stygian ferry,
 There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry :
 Charon in him will ferry souls to hell, 25
 A trade our Boat * hath practis'd here so well;
 And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
 Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.
 Yet, spite of Death and Fate, I here maintain
 We may place Boat in his old post again. 30
 The way is thus, and well deserves your thanks;
 Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's Green †,
 And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
 We'll cry, " Look! here's our Boat, and there's the
 pendent." 36

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin ;
 Pray, gentle folks! forbear your scoffing.
 A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder ?
 A wooden judge is no such wonder : 4
 And in his robes, you must agree,
 No Boat was better deck'd than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller ;
 In short, he was an able sculler. 8

* In hanging people as a judge.

† Where the Dublin gallows stands.

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Vol

.A. VI. AN EPITAPH, 101

To the memory of Frederick Duke of Schomberg, who was
unhappily killed in crossing the river Boyne, on the first
of July 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathed-
ral, where the Dean and Chapter erected a small mo-
nument to his honour at their own expense.

Hic infra situm est corpus

FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,

Ad Bubindam occisus A. D. 1690.

Decanus et capitulum maxime opere

Etiam atque etiam petierunt,

Ut heredes Ducis monumentum

In memoriam parentis erigendum curarent :

Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,

Diu at sepe orando nil proficere;

Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,

Saltem * ut scias, hospes,

Ubinam terrarum Schombergenses cineres delitescunt.

Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,

Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos. 14

A. D. 1731.

* The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the Epitaph with were, *Saltem ut scias viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineris delitescunt*: for the Author was always heard to speak with great reverence of the memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glorious master King William; and indeed of all others who have struggled for the liberties of these kingdoms against the repeated attempts of arbitrary power.

POEMS TO STELLA.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more.)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Altho' thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen, 5
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd,
Made up so largely in thy mind.
Oh! would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit, 10
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair,
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size:
And then, before it grew too late, 15
How should I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my Worship too in twain. 18

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign,
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,

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Will call again, and recommend 5
 The Angel-Inn to ev'ry friend.
 What tho' the painting grows decay'd?
 The house will never lose its trade;
 Nay, tho' the treach'rous tapster Thomas
 Hangs a new Angel two doors from us, 10
 As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true Old Angel-Inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact; 15
 An angel's face a little crack'd;
 (Could poets, or could painters fix
 How angels look at thirty-six:)
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an angel's mind, 20
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
 See at her levee crowding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense, 25
 And puts them but to small expense;
 Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives! 30
 And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think will quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or stop and light at Chloe's Head;
With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth for which your soul should grieve,
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face,
Tho' you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could Art, or Time, or Nature, bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen,
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

WHO COLLECTED AND TRANSCRIBED HIS POEMS.

Written in the year 1720.

As when a lofty pile is rais'd,
 We never hear the workmen prais'd
 Who bring the lime or place the stones,
 But all admire Inigo Jones;
 So if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
 Should be approv'd in after-times,
 If it both pleases and endures,
 The merit and the praise are your's.

Thou, Stella! wert no longer young
 When first for thee my harp I strung:
 Without one word of Cupid's darts,
 Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts;
 With friendship and esteem possess'd,
 I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
 The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
 Variety we still pursue,
 In pleasure seek for something new;
 Or else, comparing with the rest,
 Take comfort that our own is best;
 The best we value by the worst,
 (As tradesmen shew their trash at first)

But his pursuits are at an end
Whom Stella chuses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes;
Should but his Muse, descending, drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop, 30
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout,
Or patch his broken stocking-foals,
Or send him in a peck of coals,
Exalted in his mighty mind, 35
He flies, and leaves the stars behind,
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris, 40
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine,
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground,
The charming Sylvia beating flax, 45
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks,
Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks,
And radiant Iris in the pox.

These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's Collection new and old, 50

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Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em
If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise;
Are lords of infamy and praises:
They are not scurrilous in satire;
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse:
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true. 60

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call without our pow'r;
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing. 70

So Mævius, when he drain'd his scull
To celebrate some suburb trull,
His similies in order set,
And ev'ry crambo he could get,
Had gone thro' all the common places
Worn out by wits who rhyme on faces,
Before he could his poem close
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend;
 They on no accidents depend:
 Let Malice look with all her eyes,
 She dares not say the poet lies.
 Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
 Lest you should take them for a bribe,
 Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
 I'll here expose your weaker side. 85

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
 Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
 And when a friend in kindness tries
 To shew you where your error lies,
 Conviction does but more incense;
 Perverseness is your whole defence:
 Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
 Regardless both of wrong and right:
 Your virtues all suspended wait 95
 Till Time hath open'd Reason's gate;
 And, what is worse, your passion bends
 Its force against your nearest friends,
 Which manners, decency, and pride,
 Have taught you from the world to hide: 100
 In vain; for see, your friend hath brought
 To public light your only fault;
 And yet a fault we often find
 Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind,
 And may compare to Aetna's fire, 105
 Which, tho' with trembling, all admire,

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The heat that makes the summit glow
 Enriching all the vales below
 Those who in warmer climes complain
 From Phœbus' rays they suffer pain,
 Must own that pain is largely paid
 By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.

Yet when I find your passions rise,
 And anger sparkling in your eyes,
 I grieve those spirits should be spent,
 For nobler ends by Nature meant.
 One passion with a diff'rent turn

Makes wit inflame or anger burn :
 So the sun's heat, with diff'rent pow'rs,
 Ripens the grape, the liquor sours,
 Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd,
 By Pallas breath'd into his breast,

His valour would no more employ,
 Which might alone have conquer'd Troy.
 But, blinded by resentment, seeks
 For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
 From stagnating preserves the flood,
 Which thus fermenting, by degrees
 Exalts the spirits, sinks the legs.

Stella! for once you reason wrong;
 For should this ferment last too long,
 By time subsiding, you may find
 Nothing but acid left behind :

From passion you may then be freed, 135
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

Say, Stella! when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?

Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand? 140

Or if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?

Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just. 144

TO STELLA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Written anno 1721, -2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial Fate complain;
You ev'ry year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung,

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For none among the upstart race
 Of poets dare assume my place;
 Your worth will be to them unknown,
 They must have Stellas of their own;
 And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
 I dying leave the debt unpaid,
 Unless ———, as my heir,
 Will answer for the whole arrear.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1722,

A great Bottle of wine, long buried, being that day dug up.

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
 By duty bound, on Stella's day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think;
 I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
 But found my wit and fancy fled;
 Or if, with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme;
 And, what was yet a greater curse,
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.
 Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine;

I told him what the world would say, 15
 If Stella were unsung to-day;
 How I should hide my head for shame,
 When both the Jacks and Robin came;
 How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
 How Sh——n, the rogue, would sneer, 20
 And swear it would not always follow
 That *semel in anno ridet Apollo*;
 I have assur'd them twenty times
 That Phoebus help'd me in my rhymes;
 Phoebus inspir'd me from above, 25
 And he and I were hand and glove;
 But finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetic license;
 And when I brag of aid divine,
 Think Eusden's right as good as mine. 30
 Nor do I ask for Stella's sake;
 'Tis my own credit lies at stake;
 And Stella will be sung, while I
 Can only be a stander-by.
 Apollo, having thought a little, 35
 Return'd this answer to a tittle.
 "Tho' you should live like old Methusalem,
 "I furnish hints, and you should use all'em,
 "You yearly sing as she grows old,
 "You'd leave her virtues half untold : 40
 "But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
 "Thro' the whole set of Irish Deans,

- " I'm daily flunn'd with such a medley,
 " Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
 " That, let what Dean soever come, 45
 " My orders are, I'm not at home;
 " And if your voice had not been loud,
 " You must have pass'd among the crowd.
 " But now, your danger to prevent,
 " You must apply to Mrs. Brent, 50
 " For she, as priestess, knows the rites
 " Wherein the god of earth delights.
 " First, nine ways looking, let her stand
 " With an old poker in her hand;
 " Let her describe a circle round 55
 " In Saunders' cellar on the ground;
 " A spade let prudent Archy hold,
 " And with discretion dig the mould,
 " Let Stella look with watchful eye,
 " Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by. 60
 " Behold the Bottle, where it lies
 " With neck elated tow'rds the skies!
 " The god of winds and god of fire
 " Did to its wondrous birth conspire,
 " And Bacchus for the poets' use 65
 " Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
 " See! as you raise it from its tomb,
 " I drag behind a spacious womb,
 " And in the spacious womb contains
 " A sov'reign medicine for the brains. 70

" You'll find it soon if Fate consents;
 " If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
 " Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
 " May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
 " From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
 " And boldly then invoke the Muse;
 " (But first let Robert, on his knees,
 " With caution drain it from the lees)
 " The Muse will at your call appear,
 " With Stella's praise to crown the year." 80

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK,

A HOUSE OF CHARLES FORD, ESQ.

Eight miles from Dublin.

Written in the year 1723.

-----Cuicumque nocere volebat
 Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

Don Carlos, in a merry spite,
 Did Stella to his house invite;
 He entertain'd her half a year
 With gen'rous wines and costly cheer.
 Don Carlos made her chief director,
 That she might o'er the servants hector:
 In half a week the dame grew nice,
 Got all things at the highest price:

Now at the table-head she sits,
 Presented with the nicest bits;
 She look'd on partridges with scorn,
 Except they tasted of the corn;
 A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
 Unless it had the right *fumette*.
 Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
 Dear Madam! try this pigeon's leg;
 Was happy when he could prevail
 To make her only touch a quail.
 Thro' candle-light she view'd the wine,
 To see that ev'ry glass was fine.
 At last grown prouder than the devil,
 With feeding high and treatment civil,
 Don Carlos now began to find
 His malice work as he design'd.
 The winter-sky began to frown,
 Poor Stella must pack off to town;
 From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
 To Liffey's stinking tide at Dublin;
 From wholesome exercise and air,
 To flossing in an easy chair;
 From stomach sharp and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a lady breeding;
 From ruling there the household singly,
 To be directed here by Dingley;
 From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
 To half a joint, and God be thanked;

From ev'ry meal, Pontack in plenty;
 To half a pint one day in twenty;
 From Ford attending at her call;
 To visits of ————
 From Ford, who thinks of nothing mean;
 To the poor doings of the Dean;
 From growing richer with good cheer;
 To running out by starving here:

But now arrives the dismal day,
 She must return to Ormond-quay.
 The coachman stopt; she look'd, and swore
 The rascal had mistook the door!
 At coming in you saw her stoop;
 The entry brush'd against her hoops,
 Each moment rising in her airs,
 She curs'd the narrow winding stairs;
 Began a thousand faults to spy;
 The cieling hardly six feet high;
 The smutty wainscot full of cracks,
 And half the chairs with broken backs:
 Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
 She vows she will no longer stay
 In lodgings, like a poor grisette;
 While there are lodgings to be let!

How'er, to keep her spirits up,
 She sent for company to sup,
 When all the while you might remark
 She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.

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Two bottles call'd for (half her store, 65
 The cupboard could contain but four)
 A supper worthy of herself,
 Five nothings in five plates of delf.

Thus for a week the farce went on,
 When, all her country savings gone, 70
 She fell into her former scene,
 Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest; tho' now, I fear,
 You think my jesting too severe;
 But poets, when a hint is new, 75
 Regard not whether false or true:
 Yet raillery gives no offence

Where truth has not the least pretence,
 Nor can be more securely plac'd,
 Than on a nymph of Stella's taste. 80

I must confess your wine and vittle
 I was too hard upon a little;
 Your table neat, your linen fine,
 And, tho' in miniature, you shine;
 Yet when you sigh to leave Wood-park, 85

The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
 To languish in this odious town,
 And pull your haughty stomach down,
 We think you quite mistake the case;
 The virtue lies not in the place; 90
 For tho' my raillery were true,
 A cottage is Wood-park with you: 92

TO STELLA,

*Written on the day of her birth, but not on the subject,
when I was sick in bed. March 13. 1723,-4.*

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
Can I devise poetic strains?
Time was when I could yearly pay
My verse on Stella's native day;
But now, unable grown to write,
I grieve she ever saw the light;
Ungrateful, since to her I owe
That I these pains can undergo.
She tends me like an humble slave;
And when indecently I rave,
When out my brutish passions break,
With gall in ev'ry word I speak;
She with soft speech my anguish cheers,
Or melts my passions down with tears;
Altho' 'tis easy to desert
She wants assistance more than I;
Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
And is a Stoic in her own
When among scholars can we find
So soft and yet so firm a mind?
All accidents of life conspire
To raise up Stella's virtue high;
Or else to introduce the rest
Which had been latent in her breast.

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Her firmness who could ever have known,
 Had she not evils of her own?
 Her kindness who could ever guess,
 Had not her friends been in distress?
 Whatever base returns you find
 From me, Dear Stella! still be kind.
 In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
 Tho' I continue still a brute.
 But when I once am out of pain,
 I promise to be good again:
 Mean-time your other juster friends
 Shall for my follies make amends:
 So may we long continue thus,
 Admiring you, you pitying us.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1724.

As when a beauteous nymph decays,
 We say she's past her dancing-days,
 So poets lose their feet by time,
 And can no longer dance in rhyme.
 Your annual bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your birth in prose;
 Yet merry folks, who want by chance
 A pair to make a country-dance,
 Call the old housekeeper, and get her
 To fill a place for want of better.
 While Sheridan is off the hooks,
 And friend Delany at his books,

That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth! 15
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of Wit and Beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.

No poet ever sweetly sung
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young; 20
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.

At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you? 25
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?

Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes;
You must be grave, and I be wise.

Our fate in vain we would oppose;
But I'll be still your friend in prose: 30
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress,
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue 35
Reports you are no longer young?
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow?
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say. 40

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'Tis true, but let it not be known
 My eyes are somewhat ~~dim~~ ^{diminish} grown
 For Nature, always in the night,
 To your decays adapts my sight,
 And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm aham'd to use a glass;
 And till I see them with these eyes,
 Whoever says you have them lies.

No length of time can make you quit
 Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
 Thus you may still be young to me,
 While I can better hear than see.
 Oh, ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
 To make me deaf and mend my sight!

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY,

MARCH 13. 1726.

THIS day, what'er the Fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with joy by me:
 This day, then, let us not be told
 That you are sick and I grown old;
 Nor think on our approaching ills,
 And talk of spectacles and pills:
 To-morrow will be time enough
 To hear such mortifying stuff;
 Yet since from reason may be brought
 A better and more pleasing thought;

Which can, in spite of all decays,
 Support a few remaining days,
 From not the gravest of divines
 Accept for once some serious lines.
 Altho' we now can form no more
 Long schemes of life, as heretofore,
 Yet you, while time is running fast,
 Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
 A mere contrivance of the brain,
 As Atheists argue, to entice
 And fit their proselytes for vice,
 (The only comfort they propose,
 To have companions in their woes)
 Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
 That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
 And by all sages understood
 To be the chief of human good,
 Should acting die, nor leave behind
 Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
 Which by remembrance will assuage
 Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
 And strongly shoot a radiant dart
 To shine thro' life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
 Reflecting on a life well spent?
 Your skilful hand employ'd to save
 Despairing wretches from the grave,

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And then supporting with your store
 Those whom you dragg'd from death before ? 40
 So Providence on mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates.
 Your gen'rous boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent friend;
 That courage which can make you just 45
 To merit humbled in the dust;
 The detestation you express
 For vice in all its glitt'ring dress ;
 That patience under tort'ring pain,
 Where stubborn Stoics would complain ; 50
 Must these like empty shadows pass,
 Or forms reflected from a glass ?
 Or mere chimeras in the mind,
 That fly, and leave no marks behind ?
 Does not the body thrive and grow 55
 By food of twenty years ago ?
 And had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand times have dy'd.
 Then who with reason can maintain
 That no effects of food remain ? 60
 And is not virtue in mankind
 The nutriment that feeds the mind,
 Upheld by each good action past,
 And still continu'd by the last ?
 Then who with reason can pretend 65
 That all effects of virtue end ?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
 That true contempt for things below,
 Nor prize your life for other ends
 Than merely to oblige your friends,
 Your former actions claim their part,
 And join to fortify your heart:
 For Virtue in her daily race,
 Like Janus, bears a double face,
 Looks back with joy where she has gone,
 And therefore goes with courage on:
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
 Take pity on your pitying friends;
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your sufferings share,
 Or give my scrap of life to you,
 And think it far beneath your due;
 You, to whose care so oft I owe
 That I'm alive to tell you so.

TO STELLA,

Visiting me in my sickness, October 1727.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
 Was more than for her sex was fit,

And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.

But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs,
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those num'rous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake,
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at picquet,
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation,

Or that on which his Lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears,
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd, 35
All passions must be laid aside ;
Ask no advice, but think alone ;
Suppose the question not your own :
How shall I act ? is not the case,
But how would Brutus in my place ? 40
In such a cause would Cato bleed ?
And how would Socrates proceed ?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human-kind ;
Ambition, avarice, and lust, 45
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauseous flatter,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside. 50

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (tho' late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record 55
Are not so sacred as her word ;
The world shall in its atoms end
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.

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By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best. 60
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings and ministers of state
Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks that Nature ne'er design'd 65
Courage to man alone confin'd,
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears; 70
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start,
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white:
Doll never flies to cut her lace, 75
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence 80
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
Which, tho' her modesty would shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud,
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet thro' ev'ry motion steals.

Say, Stella! was Prometheus blind, 85
And forming you mistook your kind?

No; 'twas for you alone he stole
 The fire that forms a manly soul;
 Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
 He moulded it with female clay: 90
 To that you owe the nobler flame,
 To this the beauty of your frame.

How would Ingratitude delight,
 And how would Censure glut her spight,
 If I should Stella's kindness hide 95
 In silence, or forget with pride?

When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Call'd ev'ry pow'r to ease my pains, 100
 Then Stella ran to my relief

With cheerful face, and inward grief;
 And, tho' by Heav'n's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could requise 105

From slaves employ'd for daily hire
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd.

My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes; 110

Now, with a soft and silent tread,
 Unheard, she moves about my bed:
 I see her taste each nauseous draught,
 And so obligingly am caught:

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I bless the hand from whence they came, 115
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.
 Best pattern of true friends! beware;
 You pay too dearly for your care;
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger your's; 120
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for an house decay'd. 124

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH.

Written in the year 1724.-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
 In frosty nights their starving cows,
 While not a blade of grass or hay
 Appears from Michaelmas to May,
 Must let their cattle range in vain 5
 For food along the barren plain:
 Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but skin and bone,
 Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
 They just keep life and soul together, 10
 Till summer show'rs and evening's dew
 Again the verdant glebe renew;

And as the vegetables rise,
 The famish'd cow her want supplies :
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh, 15
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh,
 Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
 As rising from Medea's kettle,
 With youth and beauty to inchant
 Europa's counterfeited gallant. 20

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
 If I compare you to the cow ?
 'Tis just the case : for you have fasted
 So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
 And must against the warmer days 25
 Be sent to Quilca Down * to graze,
 Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
 Will soon your appetite repair :
 The nutriment will from within
 Round all your body plump your skin ; 30
 Will agitate the lazy blood,
 And fill your veins with sprightly blood ;
 Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
 Nor aught of Stella but the name ;
 For what was ever understood 35
 By human-kind but flesh and blood ?
 And if your flesh and blood be new,
 You'll be no more the former you,

* Dr. Sheridan's house, forty miles from Dublin.

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But for a blooming nymph will pass,
 Just fifteen coming summer's grass; 40
 Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd,
 While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
 Attended by a brace of curs,
 With jocky boots and silver spurs,
 No less than justices o' Quorum, 45
 Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
 Shall leave deciding broken pates,
 To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
 But lest you should my skill disgrace,
 Come back before you're out of case; 50
 For if to Michaelmas you stay,
 The new-born flesh will melt away;
 The 'squires, in scorn, will fly the house
 For better game, and look for grouse;
 But here, before the frost can mar it,
 We'll make it firm with beef and claret. 56

IMITATIONS.

THE DESCRIPTION

OF A SALAMANDER,

OUT OF PLINY'S NATURAL HISTORY,

Lib. x. c. 67. and Lib. xxix. c. 4.

Written in the year 1706.

As mastiff dogs, in modern phrase, are

Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæsar;

As pyes and daws are often styl'd

With Christian nicknames like a child;

As we say Monsieur to an ape,

Without offence to human shape;

So men have got from bird and brute

Names that would best their nature suit.

The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,

Were heroes' titles heretofore,

Bestow'd as hieroglyphics fit

To shew their valour, strength, or wit;

For what is understood by fame

Besides the getting of a name?

But ere since men invented guns

A diff'rent way their fancy runs.

To paint a hero we inquire

For something that will conquer fire.

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Would you describe Turenne or Trump,
 Think of a bucket or a pump. 20
 Are these too low?—then find out grander,
 Call my Lord Cutts a Salamander.
 'Tis well;—but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,
 Who may object against the term, 25
 Pliny shall prove what we affirm;
 Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
 This reptile of the serpent kind, 30
 With gaudy coat and shining train,
 But loathsome spots his body stain;
 Out from some hole obscure he flies,
 When rains descend and tempests rise,
 Till the sun clears the air, and then 35
 Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
 I've seen a snake in human form,
 All stain'd with infamy and vice,
 Leap from the dunghil in a trice, 40
 Burnish and make a gaudy show,
 Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
 Till peace hath made the sky serene,
 Then shrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why, then look yonder, 45
 Sure that must be a Salamander!

Farther, we are by Pliny told
 This serpent is extremely cold;
 So cold, that, put it in the fire
 'Twill make the very flames expire: 30
 Besides, it spues a filthy froth
 (Whether true rage, or lust, or both)
 Of matter purulent and white,
 Which happ'ning on the skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a wound, 35
 Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
 By age and claps grown cold as snow,
 Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
 Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame: 60
 And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
 Like Charleton cheap or fam'd Du-Ruel,
 Receive the filth which he ejects,
 She soon would find the same effects
 Her tainted carcase to pursue, 65
 As from the Salamander's spue;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a pox.

Then I'll appeal to each by slander,
 If this be not a Salamander. 70

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A DESCRIPTION

OF A CITY-SHOWER.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

Written in the year 1712.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
 (By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.
 While rain depends the pensive cat gives o'er
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
 Strike your offended sense with double stink.
 If you be wise then go not far to dine;
 You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
 A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
 Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
 Saunt'ring in coffeehouse is Dulman seen,
 He damns the climate, and complains of spleen,
 Mean-while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling show'r is borne alope;
 Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
 Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:

You fly, invoke the gods, then turning, stop
 To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And wasted with its foe by vi'lent gust, 25
 'Twas doubtful which was rain and which was dust.
 Ah! where must needy poets seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain,
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain. 30

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The Templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroad, 35
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up sempstrefs walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed. 40
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits, 45
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds, he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,

(Those bully Greeks, who, as the Moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen run them through) 50
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go :
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell 55
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell;
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St.'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn bridge. 60
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and
blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd
in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down 63
the flood.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPIST. VII.

IMITATED,

AND ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

In the year 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
 Returning home one day from court,
 (His mind with public cares possest,
 All Europe's bus'ness in his breast)
 Observ'd a parson near Whitehall 5
 Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
 The priest was pretty well in case,
 And shew'd some humour in his face;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen; 10
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My Lord, (who, if a man may say't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat)

Strenuus et fortis, caulisque Philippus agendis 1
 Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
 Dum redit——

——Conspexit, ut aiunt, 5
 Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ,
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguës.

Was now dispos'd to crack a jest, 15
 And bid friend Lewis go in quest,
 (This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour)
 In quest who might this parson be,
 What was his name, of what degree, 20
 If possible to learn his story,
 And whether he were Whig or Tory.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes;
 And quickly did the matter sift, 25
 Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
 A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat,
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care betimes to run him down: 30
 No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat: 35

Demetri, (puer hic non lævè iussu Philippi 15
 Accipiebat) abi, quære, et refer: unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quòve patrono?
 It, redit, et narrat; Vulteium nomine Mænam: 23, 25
 ——— Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, et fessare, et quærere, et uti, 31
 Gaudentem ———

In state-opinions à la mode, 35
 He hated Wharton like a toad,
 Had giv'n the faction many a wound;
 And libell'd all the junto round;
 Kept company with men of wit;
 Who often father'd what he writ: 40
 His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry street;
 But seldom rose above a sheet:
 Of late, indeed, the paper stamp
 Did very much his genius cramp;
 And since he could not spend his fire, 45
 He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, I desire to know
 From his own mouth if this be so;
 Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day. 50
 Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my Lord had sent,
 So never offer'd once to stir,
 But coldly said, "Your servant, Sir!"
 "Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd: 55
 "He does, with insolence and pride."

Scitari libet ex ipso quæcunque refert. Dic 47
 Ad cœnam veniat. Non sanè credere. Mæna;
 Mirari secum tacitus. —
 Benignè, respondet. 54
 Negat ille mihi? 55

Some few days after Harley spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At Charing-cross among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out; 60
 He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
 Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
 And offer'd many a lame excuse; 65
 He never meant the least abuse—

“My Lord—the honour you design'd—

“Extremely proud—but I had din'd—

“I'm sure I never should neglect—

“No man alive has more respect—” 70

“Well, I shall think of that no more,

“If you'll be sure to come at four.”

—Negat improbū, et te
 Negligit, aut horret. 39

—Vulteiū mane Philippus 57

Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello

Occupat, et salvere iubet prior.

—Ille Philippo 65

Excusare laborem.

—Sic ignovisse putato 71

Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo

Post nonam venies.

The Doctor now obeys the summons;
 Likes both his company and commons,
 Displays his talent, sits till ten;
 Next day invited comes again;
 Soon grows domestic; seldom fails
 Either at morning or at meals;
 Came early, and departed late;
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait. 80
 My Lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to Windsor takes his guest.
 Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a canon there,
 In summer round the Park to ride, 85
 In winter never to reside.
 "A Canon! that's a place too mean;
 "No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean;
 "Two dozen canons round your stall,
 "And you the tyrant o'er them all: 90

Ut ventum ad coenam est, dicenda, tacenda, locutus, 74
 Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi saepe
 Occultum visus decurrere piseis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva, —
 ——— Jubetur 81
 Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
 Impositus mannis, arvum coelumque Sabinum
 Non cessat laudare. — Videt, ridetque Philippus. 87

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" You need but cross the Irish seas,
 " To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease."
 Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse;
 Travels at least an hundred leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a Dean complete,
 Devoutly loling in his seat;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side; 100
 Suppose him gone thro' all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats,
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats,
 (The wicked laity's contriving 105
 To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
 Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent;
 The farmers spitefully combin'd
 Force him to take his tithes in kind; 110
 And Parvisol discounts arrears
 By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,

 —Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ; 107
 Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;
 Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum 113

Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate,
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read would hardly let him in. 120

Said Harley, "Welcome, Rev'rend Dean;
"What makes your Worship look so lean?
"Why, sure you won't appear in Town
"In that old wig and rusty gown?
"I doubt your heart is set on self 125
"So much, that you neglect yourself.
"What! I suppose now stocks are high,
"You've some good purchase in your eye;
"Or is your money out at use?—"
"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce, 130
(The Doctor in a passion cry'd)
"Your raillery is misapply'd:
"Experience I have dearly bought;
"You know I am not worth a groat:
"But 'tis a folly to contest 135
"When you resolve to have your jest;

Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad aedes,
Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philip-
pus, 121
Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis attentusque videris.
Esse mihi. —

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"Then, since you now have done your worst,
"Pray leave me where you found me first." 138

Quod te per genium, dextramque; deosq; penates 136
Obsecro, et obtestor, vitæ me redde priori.

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

PART OF IT IMITATED.

Written about the year 1713.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a-year;
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store,
But should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus, — 1
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Ausius atque
Dii melius fecere. — 7

I must by all means come to Town,
 'Tis for the service of the Crown;
 "Lewis, the Dean will be of use;" 15
 "Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these;
 Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found, 20
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
 "Let my Lord know you're come to Town."
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day, 25
 And find his Honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
 How should I thrust myself between? 30
 Some wag observes me thus perplex,
 And, smiling, whispers, to the next,
 "I thought the Dean had been too proud
 "To jostle here among a crowd."
 Another in a surly fit 35
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit;

Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est. 17
 Quid vis, Insane, et Quas res agis? improbus utget 35

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 Ad Me
 Hoc juv
 —Alie
 Per cap

" So eager to express your love,

" You ne'er consider whom you shove,

" But rudely prefs before a Duke!"

I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 40

And take it kindly meant, to shew

What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper and withdraw,

When twenty fools I never saw

Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 45

Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—

That begs my int'rest for a place—

An hundred other men's affairs,

Like bees, are humming in my ears, 50

" To-morrow my appeal comes on,

" Without your help the cause is gone—

" The Duke expects my Lord and you

" About some great affair at two"—

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind 55

" To get my warrant quickly sign'd:

" Consider 'tis my first request."

" Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best!"

Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,

Ad Mecænatem memori si mente recurrās.

Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar.

—*Aliena negotia centum* 44

Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.

Then presently he falls to tease,
 " You may for certain, if you please;
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
 " And, Mr. Dean, one word from you."—
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)
 Since Harley bid me first attend,
 And chose me for an humble friend;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that;
 As, " What's o'clock ?" and, " How's the wind ?"
 " Whose chariot's that we left behind ?"
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country-signs;
 Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
 " From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?"
 Such tattle often entertains
 My Lord and me as far as Stains,
 As once a-week we travel down
 To Windfor, and again to Town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

—Si vis potes, addit; et instat,
 Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo Mœœnas me cœpit habere suorum
 In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
 Vellet, iter faciens, et cni concedere nugas.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well.
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great, 85
"Always together *tête à tête*—
"What! they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court; 90
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great,
"Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
"Or, do the prints and papers lie?" 95
"Faith, Sir, you know as much as I."
"Ah! Doctor, how you love to jest!
"'Tis now no secret"—"I protest
"'Tis one to me."—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?" 100
And tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,

—Subjeetior in diem et horam 81
Invidiæ.—
Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor? 89
Quicumque obvius est, me consulit.—

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost, 105
My choicest hours of life are lost,
Yet always wishing to retreat:
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book, 110
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the Court and Town. 112

Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum 101
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoq; licebit 108
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicita jucunda oblivio vita? 110

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD,

LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him

When he was in the Tower, before his trial.

OUT OF HORACE.

Written in the year 1716.

How blest'd is he who for his country dies,
 Since Death pursues the coward as he flies!
 The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
 With trembling knees, and Terror at his back;
 Tho' Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
 Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd yet knows not to repine,
 But shall with unattainted honour shine;
 Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
 Some new unbeaten passage to the sky,
 Where Jove's a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward;
 Within our breast be ev'ry secret barr'd:
 He who who betrays his friend shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.

For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest with the wicked Heav'n involve the just? 20
 And tho' the villain 'scape a while, he feels
 Slow Vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels. 22

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALF'S-HEAD CLUB.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. i. Epist. 5.

Ir, dearest Dismal! you for once can dine
 Upon a single dish and tavern-wine,
 T—l—and to you this invitation sends;
 To eat the Calf's-head with your trusty friends.
 Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes;
 Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes;
 To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
 Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share;
 When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell
 How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell; 20

Si potes archaïcis conviva recumbere lectis,
 Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella;
 Supremo te sole dñi, Torquate, manebo:
 * * * * *
 Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,
 Et Mosehi causam: Cras, nato Cæsare, festus
 Dat veniam somniumque dies: impune licebit

The meat shall represent the tyrant's head;
 The wine his blood our predecessors shed;
 Whilst an alluding hymn some artist sings,
 We toast confusion to the race of kings:
 At monarchy we nobly shew our spight;
 And talk what fools call treason all the night:
 Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
 Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk!
 Wine can clear up G—d—lph—n's cloudy face,
 And fill J—ck Sm—th with hopes to keep his place;
 By force of wine ev'n Sc—rb—r—gh is brave,
 Hal grows more pert, and S—mm—rs not so grave:
 Wine can give P—rt—d wit, and Cl—v—nd sense;
 M—t—g—e learning, B—lt—n eloquence:
 Ch—ly, when drunk, can never lose his wand,
 And L—nc—n then imagines he has land.

My province is to see that all be right,
 Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;

Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.

Quid non ebrietas designat? Opera recludit;
 Spes jubet esse raras; in prælia trudit inermem;
 Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
 Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
 Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum?
 Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
 Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa

From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
 And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise. 30
 You shall be coupled as you best approve,
 Seated at table next the men you love,
 S—nd—nd, Or—rd, B—le, and R—ch—d's Grace
 Will come; and H—mp—n shall have W—p—le's
 W—rt—n, unless prevented by a whore, [place.
 Will hardly fail, and there is room for more; 36
 But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
 And honest Harry is too apt to st—k.
 Let no pretence of bus'ness make you stay;
 Yet take one word of counsel by the way; 40
 If Gu—rn—sy call, send word you're gone abroad,
 He'll tease you with King Charles and Bishop Laud,
 Or make you fast, and carry you to pray'rs;
 But if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
 Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there;
 Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair. 46

Corruget nares, ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
 Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
 Sit qui dicta foras eliminat; ut coëat par,
 Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
 Et, nisi corna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
 Detinet, assumam; locus est et pluribus umbris:
 Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
 Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe; et, rebus omissis,
 Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

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ON NOISY TOM.

-----Qui promittit, cives, urbem, sibi curae,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum;
Quo patre sit natus, num ignota matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare, et quaerere cogit.
Tunc Syri, Damae, aut Dionysii filius, audes
Dejicere e saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?

Hor. Lib. I. Sat. vi. ver. 34---39.

Translated literally.

WHOWER promiseth (in the senate) to take the city (of Rome) and the citizens under his care, nay, the whole empire, Italy, and the temples of the gods; such a man compelleth all mortals curiously to inquire from what father he sprung, and whether his mother were some obscure dishonourable female. (The people would cry out) What, thou the son of Cyrus*, or Damas*, or Dionysius*, darest thou cast our citizens down the Tarpeian rock, or deliver them prisoners to Cadmus†?

PARAPHRASED.

If Noisy Tom ‡ should in the Senate prate,
That he would answer both for church and state;
And, further to demonstrate his affection,
Would take the kingdom into his protection;

* Usual names of slaves at Rome.

† Cadmus was a licitor, an officer who seized on criminals, like a constable or messenger of the H— of C—.

‡ Sir Thomas P—.

All mortals must be curious to inquire
 Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
 What! thou the span of him* who sham'd our isle,
 That traitor, assassin, informer vile.
 Tho' by the female side† you proudly bring,
 To mend your breed, the murd'rer of a king; 10
 What was thy grandsire‡ but a mountaineer,
 Who held a cabin for ten groats a year,
 Whose master, Moore||, preserv'd him from the halter,
 For stealing cows, nor could he read the Psalter?
 Durst thou, ungrateful, from the S—n—te chafe 15
 Thy founder's grandson **, and usurp his place?
 Just Heav'n! to see the dunghil bastard brood
 Survive in thee, and make the proverb good †.
 Then vote a worthy citizen ↔ to jail,
 In spite of justice, and refuse his bail. 20

* The father of Sir Thomas * * * *, who engaged in a plot to murder King William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

† C—d—g—n's family.

‡ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

|| The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq. who procured him a pardon.

** Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson-hunters, petitioned the House against him, out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

† "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat."

↔ Mr George Faulkner, a very honest eminent printer in Dublin, who was voted to Newgate upon a ridiculous complaint of one Serjeant Bettelworth.

PART OF ODE IX. BOOK IV. HORACE.

ADDRESSED TO DR. WILLIAM KING,

LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Paulam sepulta, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
 Is inactivity at best,
 But never shall the Muse endure
 To let your virtues lie obscure,
 Or suffer envy to conceal
 Your labours for the public weal.
 Within your breast all wisdom lies;
 Either to govern or advise;
 Your steady soul preserves her frame
 In good and evil times the same.
 Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
 Stand in your sacred presence aw'd;
 Your hand alone from gold abstains,
 Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own
 Whose fortune is not overgrown;
 And happy he who wisely knows
 To use the gift that Heav'n bestows;
 Or, if it please the pow'rs divine,
 Can suffer want and not repine.
 The man who, infamy to shun,
 Into the arms of Death would run,
 That man is ready to defend
 With life his country or his friend.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

*Written in the year 1724.**Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.*

I.

THOSE Dreams that on the silent night intrude,
 And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
 Jove never sends us downward from the skies,
 Nor can they from infernal mansions rise,
 But are all mere productions of the brain,
 And fools consult interpreters in vain.

II.

For when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
 The mind unburthen'd sports in various whims;
 The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
 The scenes and actions of the day before.

III.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
 To regal rage devotes some patriot's head:
 With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
 The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

IV.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
 And stabs the son before the mother's eyes:
 With like remorse his brother of the trade,
 The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

V.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got : 20
Nor less Tom T—dman, of true statesman mould,
Collects the city-filth in search of gold.

VI.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees :
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job, 25
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

VII.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs :
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes. 30

VIII.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplex,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text ;
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

IX.

The hireling senator of modern days 35
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise ;
And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace,
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

PARAPHRASED.

AND INSCRIBED TO IRELAND.

Written in the year 1725,-6.

The Inscription.

Poor floating life! toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by Fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Altho' the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state and vessel under sail,
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.

1. **UNHAPPY** Ship! thou art return'd in vain,
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again;
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
2. Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
3. Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors on either side.

1. O Navis! referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.
2. ——— Fortiter occupa
Portum. ———
3. Nudum remigio latus.

4. Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
 The single pillar for his country's good;
 To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
 Behold! it cracks by yon' rough eastern wind. 10
 5. Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
 The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
 Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
 When the strong cords of union once are broke;
 6. Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
 Expanded to invite a milder gale.
 As when some writer in a public cause
 His pen to save a sinking nation draws,
 While all his calm his arguments prevail;
 The people's voice expands his paper sail, 20
 Till Pow'r, discharging all her stormy bags,
 Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags;
 The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
 Who fondly put his trust in pop'lar breath.
 A larger sacrifice in vain you vow; 25
 7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now:

14. — *Malus celeri faucibus Africo.*

5. — *Ac sine funibus*

Vix durare carinae

Possint imperiosius

Æquor?

6. *Non tibi sunt integra lintea;*

7. *Non dii, quos iterum pressa vocer malo.*

Volume IV.

R

- A nation thus, who oft' Heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heav'n relief expects.
8. 'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak, 30
Or when your name and family you boast
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine;
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains 35
On French records for twenty long campaigns;
Yet from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights and lost her own.
9. In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides; 40
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday-night;
They on the bold brocades and satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.
10. Dear Vessel! still be to thy steerage just, 45
Nor change thy course with ev'ry sudden gust,
Like supple patriots of the modern fort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.

8. Quamvis Ponticæ pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis.
9. Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
10. Fidit; tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cayo.

11. Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind. 50
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore;
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round. 56

**II. Nuper follicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,**

977 **Interfusa nitentes**

Vites aquora Cycladas.

R ij

AN ACCOUNT

OF A MONUMENT

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. SWIFT IN IRELAND.

TO MR. GEORGE FAULKNER.

SIR,

Neale, Feb. 14. 1750.

I HAVE at last finished what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a Monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late Dean of St. Patrick's. The thing in itself is but a trifle, but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such neglect, for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those who have deserved well of them. The ingenious Pere Castle told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him that he was not born an Englishman; and, when he explained himself, it was only for this,

that after two hundred years they had erected a monument to Shakespeare, and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, Sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as our's, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue dead, however they may treat them living, since in so doing they bespeak, and almost ensure, to themselves a succession of such useful persons in society. It was with this view that I have determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house I have planted an hippodrome: it is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks, the central of which is a horse-course, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form a hundred arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I have placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to the heavens; and, on the dye of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, written by an ingenious friend.

R ij

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.

VIRI SINE PARI.

*Aonidum fontes aperis, divine Poeta,
Arte nova: athereas proprüs, ut Pegasis, alis
Scande domos: æternum addet tua fama columna
Huic memori decus. Hic, tanti quam possumus umbram
Nominis in mentem sacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat: hic tibi parvus honorum
Offertur cumulus: laudum quo sine tuarum
Copia claudatur qui quarit, gentis Iernæ
Pectora scrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.*

MDCCL.

I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the Monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the first of May yearly. On this day young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the Monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strewing with flowers all the place; after which they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribands; and after the dance the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day there is to be a large market upon

the ground ; and the most regular reel and count is to have a guinea premium ; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed is to have two guineas premium ; and he that produces the fairest colt or filly, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also.— Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds, and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with so much care and tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. B.

IN MEMORIAM IONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.

VIRI SINE PARI.

*Aonidum fontes aperis, divine Poeta,
Arte nova: aethereas proprius, ut Pegasis, alis
Scande domos: eternum addet tua fama columnae
Huic memori decus. Hic, tanti quam possumus umbram
Nominis in mentem sacro revocare quotannis
Ludorum ritu juvat: hic tibi parvus honorum
Offeritur cumulus: laudum quo sine tuarum
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I am,

Dear Sir,

Your humble servant,

J. B.



A PORTRAIT OF DR. SWIFT.

at innoe has been longer from the time; having not
 said and others who have a greater pleasure in the person who pays
 the **A PORTRAIT OF DR. SWIFT,**

Presented to the University of Oxford,

BY THE LATE JOHN BARBER, ESQ.

Is placed in the Picture Gallery there, with this inscription.

— **IONATHAN SWIFT,**
 DECAN. S. PATRIC. DUBL.
 Effigiem viri Mvsi amicissimi
 Ingenio prorsus sibi proprio celeberrimi,
 Vt ipsvm suis Oxoniensibvs aliquatenus

Parietem habere voluit Bodleianvm,

A. D. MDCCLXXXIX,

Iohannes Barber, Armiger,

Aldermannvs,

Nec ita pridem Prætor Londinensis.

THE FOREGOING
IN ENGLISH.

JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

This Portrait of the Muses' friend,
Of a happy turn of wit, peculiar to himself,
That he might in some sort be restored to his
Oxford friends,
Was placed in the wall of the Bodleian Gallery,

A. D. MDCCXXXIX,

At the desire of John Barber, Esq. Alderman,
And some time Lord Mayor of London.

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